

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General

PUBLIC attention in Ontario continues to be centered on the Gagey investigation. At the time this is written a great deal of interesting and material evidence has been adduced. It is well to remember, however, that it is still too early to reach an intelligent conclusion on the merits of the matter: a great deal of important testimony is yet to be heard. While the press generally continues to violate good taste and to disregard the sub judice nature of the proceedings, "Saturday Night" will maintain its impartial attitude and reach its conclusion when the whole case has been heard. In the meantime it is gratifying to note that Chancellor Boyd and Chief Justice Falconbridge are conducting the whole investigation along lines in harmony with the best traditions of the bench. They have been eminently fair and dignified in their attitude, and in giving the investigation the widest scope possible have acted in accordance with public interests and the desire of the country to learn all the facts. If the Conservatives feared they would be hampered by a judicial investigation they have been agreeably disappointed, and if the Liberals hoped for a party advantage in restricting the evidence they reckoned without their host. However, the Opposition and the Government are not the only parties to this trial. The people of Ontario have the chief concern in the issue, and in recognizing that fact the commissioners have done well.

IN many respects Sir Oliver Mowat might have thought and spoken of himself as the "last leaf on the tree," for at the age of eighty-two he was practically the sole survivor in Ontario of a political generation that has utterly passed away. Sir Charles Tupper and one or two others who might be named were, like Sir Oliver, great figures in the politics of the Confederation era. But Sir Charles Tupper is not an Ontario man, and in this province the Lieutenant-Governor had lived to see all his early colleagues and associates in the Parliaments of the country predecease him. For several years now, Sir Oliver, by common recognition of his great services and distinguished character, has been virtually beyond the reach of partisan jealousy or criticism. No one questions that he was one of the most upright administrators the public life of Canada has produced. No one questions the value of his services to Ontario in defending provincial territory and provincial rights against federal aggression. Again, in giving the quietus to the small but growing and dangerous annexation movement in the early nineties, Sir Oliver performed a service for which his country should hold him in grateful and loving memory. Sir Oliver Mowat had not the flashy (and frequently trashy) gifts that make politicians popular with the masses of the people. His successes were based on unostentatious virtues and substantial abilities joined with keen political insight, extraordinary caution and considerable love of power. He won the respect of the people by his steady, unswerving devotion to the people's benefit. No whisper was ever heard against the honor or the honesty of his Government. He was a consistent centralizer and canny as a political tactician, but these qualities fail to wholly explain his wonderful success as a party leader, which was due in large measure to the confidence he inspired in the average citizen.

WITH the decision of the Court of Appeal handed down this week in the case referred to it nearly two years ago, the gambling question has entered on a new phase. That decision is that it is not necessary to show that someone has regularly derived profit from a game in order to convict that person of keeping a gaming house. In the language of the fraternity, the police do not have to prove the existence of a "kitty." Where cards or dice are played for money stakes, and a "rake-off" is taken for any purpose whatsoever, that house is a "gaming house," its proprietor a "keeper" and the players "frequenters" within the meaning of the law. This decision, it is claimed, will do more than anything else to enable the police to close up the notorious gambling joints which have flourished in Toronto's down-town district, but against which it was difficult or impossible to obtain conclusive evidence while the law continued to be interpreted as it was in former police court prosecutions. But this decision will not remove all the difficulties in the way of the police, for it will still be necessary to secure proof that a "rake-off" is taken, and to do this may sometimes be impossible unless the police are prepared to operate in a more underground way than in the past. As I pointed out last week, there has been no scruple about using spies and informers to obtain evidence against minor offenders against the law of the land. The whole weight of the detective system, in its most direct and effective form, has been swung against clairvoyants, fortune-tellers, vendors of Sunday drinks or ice cream, tobaccoists who sold cigarettes to children, and a host of other small fry law-breakers. But the police have professed to stand helpless before the great and widespread gambling evil, though one little hint of the employment of detective methods would have quickly demoralized the "talent." However, such methods will probably not be necessary now, under ordinary circumstances, for the gambling business in this town has had such a jolt as will likely keep it from settling down again for some time to the quiet enjoyment of virtual immunity from prosecution.

SPEAKING of gambling, they must have in England a much more stringent law as well as a more paternal spirit in enforcing it, if we may judge from a case which has just been reported and commented on in London "Truth." This well-known weekly says: "De minimis non curat lex is seemingly a maxim which does not apply to the law with regard to gaming on licensed premises, or else the Filey magistrates would surely have laughed out of court what is known as the 'whist drive' case. A 'whist drive' is, apparently, very much the same thing as a progressive whist party. In this case the Filey Indoor Games Club, which comprises many of the leading residents of the town, engaged rooms at the Royal Crescent Hotel, the principal hotel in the town, for the purpose of such a party. Between forty and fifty ladies and gentlemen were present. The games were played in a room arranged as a drawing-room, and there was a refreshment-room where light refreshments (but no intoxicating drinks) were served. The prizes for which the players competed—such articles as vases, scent bottles, photo frames, and so on—were gifts from individuals, there being nothing in the nature of a prize fund and nobody staking even a penny on the games. During this social entertainment the police made a raid, just as though they were invading a gambling-hell, and in due course the licensee of the hotel was summoned for permitting gaming on his premises. The defence was that the charge could not be sustained, inasmuch as the players were not playing for money or money's worth staked by themselves, but only for prizes given by other persons. The decisions on which the prosecution relied were in cases where money or money's worth had passed between the players, some winning what the others lost. This did not happen in the 'whist drive,' but the magistrates, nevertheless, held that it constituted an act of gaming, and the licensee was convicted and fined. It is to be hoped that there will be an appeal, so that a decision of more authority than that of the magistrates may be obtained on the case. But even if the 'whist drive' was an offence against the law, it was an offence of the most technical and trifling character, and the East Riding Constabulary must be exceptionally zealous and vigilant if many more serious cases of gaming do not occur on licensed premises unnoticed and unpunished."

NOW that the report of President Roosevelt's coal strike commission has been "received and filed," and the various interests have settled down to adjust themselves to the new conditions created, the question, "What good did the strike do?" is receiving some attention in the United States press. It is stated now, on good authority,

that the struggle cost the mine owners \$46,000,000, the employees \$25,000,000, and the transportation companies \$28,000,000, or nearly \$100,000,000 in all—not to mention the untold expense and inconvenience to the general public. An enormous expense, and for what? No such astounding bill of costs was ever run up to so little purpose, for while the report of the commission concedes something to each party, its findings are now generally admitted to be such as any sane and independent person could have reached at an early stage in the struggle and long before such terrible expense and suffering were incurred. Though the report was certainly more acceptable to the miners than the operators, and though in a large way it vindicated the former and condemned the latter, there was nothing surprising or unexpected in its contents. Its awards simply bore out conclusions already generally arrived at by the public as to the merits of the conflicting claims.

It is in the suggestions which the report contains as to how such difficulties may be avoided in the future, that the report is considered to have its true value, rather than in the findings as to this particular strike. For example, the commissioners present a positive and unanimous conclusion on the questionable policy of the employment of special police by the companies. The report makes it clear that the practice of employing deputies to preserve the peace instead of throwing the whole responsibility on the state and municipal authorities, is a dangerous course and should be abandoned. Peace and order should be maintained at public expense, and its agents should not be the hired deputies of one party to a controversy. On the other hand, the employment of the boycott and the maltreatment of non-union men are denounced by the commission as practices equally dangerous to the common peace, and as abridgments of fundamental rights of the individual. The report leaves no doubt as to the commissioners' views on these points. The labor unionists are warned that in encouraging or in permitting the persecution of non-

fenceless visitors are to have a large and waddy fusillade of uncooked poetry recited or sung at them as they emerge, tired and travel-stained, from stuffy cars and rocky excursion boats, the hospitable inhabitants of this town may perhaps feel some delicacy about inviting distant friends and relatives to step into such an ambush. If, on the other hand, the guests are expected to bombard the citizens with home-made sonnets on the beauties of "Toronto, loveliest village of the plain," etc., the aforesaid citizens ought to have ample notice of the fact in order that those who prefer to take to their cellars or run for the tall timber, rather than submit to the alternative, may do so in good order and without precipitating a dangerous stampede.

THE scrupulous regard of British public men for the official proprieties was finely illustrated by the recent withdrawal from the Cabinet of Mr. Hayes Fisher, M.P., the Financial Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Gladstone, in his time, laid down a rule forbidding Ministers to be company directors, and though Premier Balfour has departed from this rule, Mr. Hayes Fisher was forced to resign from the Administration by the sheer weight of adverse public opinion, because he had been concerned in a questionable flotation. The case was known as the "Telescriptor case." An inventor secured a patent for a new system of telegraphy, and Mr. Hayes Fisher and some other capitalists agreed to find the money to give the patent commercial value on the condition that they were to share the profits. A syndicate was formed and Fisher, who was appointed one of the directors, subscribed for a thousand shares, in consideration of which he was allotted two thousand fully-paid bonus shares. The syndicate incurred liabilities and wound up, and Justice Buckley disapproved of the conduct of the directors and expressed the opinion that they should redeem the bonus shares at par. Mr. Fisher at once wrote out a cheque for the nominal value of the shares and placed his resignation in Premier Balfour's



Old Man Ontario:—Them ear-splittin' reports don't jar me a bit; it's the bull's-eyes I'm keepin' count of.

union men they are countenancing a practice subversive of "the personal liberties which are guaranteed to every citizen by the Constitution," and they are further told in plain language that not until they abandon their attitude toward non-union men will they "secure that firm and constant sympathy of the public which their general purpose seems to demand."

IN view of his position as a member of the coal strike commission and also because of his own status as the head of one of the largest unions in the world, that of the Order of Railway Conductors, the utterances of Mr. E. E. Clark in a recent address in Boston on the rights of capital and labor are worthy of note. Mr. Clark was unsparing in his condemnation of sympathetic strikes, and scarcely less emphatic in his insistence upon the equal rights of both capital and labor to combine or organize. He said: "The laws assume to protect the rights of the citizens, and the laws should be so applied and enforced as to effect that purpose, whether their enforcement be against a greedy corporation or trust, or against brow-beating crowds or riotous mobs acting in the name of organized labor. If combined capital cannot perform its mission without resort to dishonest and oppressive methods, it is inexcusable to permit the combination. If organized labor cannot work out its salvation without resorting to unlawful acts its existence cannot be defended." These are wise words. In a somewhat circuitous fashion they express the growing belief that combinations of labor for the justifiable furtherance of any legitimate interests ought to have an equal status in law and public opinion with combinations of capital for similar purposes.

THE announcement that the committee in charge of the "old home week," to be celebrated in Toronto this summer, has offered money prizes for the best poems appropriate to the occasion, is sufficient to strike terror into the boldest heart. I think the committee ought to be frank about this matter and state explicitly what they intend to do with the poetry when they get it. The people of Toronto, who are to be the hosts of several thousands of innocent visitors, returning in good faith to their native city, would like to know all about this poetry proposition beforehand. No doubt the innocent visitors would also like to be furnished with full particulars beforehand. Are the poetic gems to be set to music and sung at the homesick wanderers as they pour from steamboats and railway trains? Are they to be recited at the ex-Torontonians from the steps of the City Hall? Or will the committee be content to have them merely printed in the newspapers, provided the newspapers will submit? Perhaps the intention is that the footsore exiles themselves are to sing the pulsating odes to an accompaniment of slow music and red fire. In any event, the public ought to be informed. Here is a matter that may affect the rush Torontonians of our former fellow-citizens very materially. The decision reached by the committee in this connection may make or mar the success of the entire demonstration. If de-

hands. The Prime Minister is said to be blamed in some quarters for accepting the resignation, but in England the sense of the House of Commons and country is decidedly against Ministers, during the period of official connection with the Government, being directors of public companies. Labouchere says in "Truth," "Whilst they eat the official loaf they should eschew the directorial fishes." In Canada, if the same principle were laid down, it would be difficult to muster a corporal's guard of public men to man the various posts of the Federal and Provincial Governments. Cabinet Ministers in this country have come to look upon the "directorial fishes" as amongst the ordinary perquisites of office.

THAT public opinion cannot always be trusted to mete out adequate punishment to political scoundrels is made plain by the experience of St. Louis, where the people have condoned wholesale corruption in the city government by electing the "combine" ticket, thereby signifying that the dominant ring has not forfeited their confidence. Nothing in dirty city politics has ever surpassed the open dishonesty of the two legislative bodies under St. Louis's municipal system. Every privilege was sold openly to the highest bidder. Even the courthouse was sold outright, and the only circumstance that prevented a consummation of the deal was the discovery that the city could not legally transfer the title. Three of the members of the House of Delegates, now sitting in that body, have been convicted of felonies such as bribery and perjury, and are under sentence of terms in the penitentiary. But while their cases are on appeal on technical points these worthies are occupying public office and the community is apathetic. Notwithstanding the exposure of the corruption in the city government, the press and the people of St. Louis have shown not even tepid indignation. They do not seem to care whether the people are robbed or not. The son of Boss Butler was elected to Congress at the very height of District Attorney Folk's battle against the "combine," and now the entire independent reform ticket has been defeated by large majorities. "Snake" Kinney, one of the gang, was re-elected to the House of Delegates by 2,000 majority. His opponent was an independent and a church pillar. There is only one possible excuse for the people of St. Louis. It is alleged that the "gang" did a great deal of fraudulent voting. But even so, if public opinion had been aroused as it ought to have been, such methods could not have availed to save the corruptionists from extinction. There is no hope of better government or cleaner officials anywhere, whether in municipal or national affairs, unless the people are sufficiently independent and alert to their own interests to punish corruption whenever and wherever it is uncovered.

ONE by one the coldly practical world disposes of the pleasant fictions and diversions of former times. It is an iconoclastic age. A few years ago it was proven beyond peradventure that Christopher Columbus was an impostor. Only yesterday an historical critic rose up in England

to assure us that Sir Walter Raleigh never made a voyage to America and did not introduce either tobacco or potatoes to civilization. To-day the Sunday School Superintendents' Union of Western Ontario continue the idol-smashing process by denouncing the Sunday school picnic and declaring against its further continuance. And right on top of this announcement comes an address of a Rev. Mr. Sowerby, who holds that there are too many amusements for young people, and that the Sunday school library is a vicious institution, filled with books that should not be there. And John Burroughs gets on his feet to say that animals are only animals and that such stories as those of Thompson-Seton and W. A. Fraser are nonsensical lies. If this sort of thing is to go on much further one pities the boys and girls of the future and wonders what sort of creatures they will be. Deprived of all the picturesque myths that filled the "old fogey" school books in days gone by, taught to despise the wolf in "Red Riding Hood" as the mere fabric of a morbid and mendacious imagination, innocent of such contaminating dissipation as the Sunday school picnic and tea-meeting, and taught to regard "Pilgrim's Progress" and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" as ideal books for well-behaved children, what a joyful place the world will be for the little tykes of eight or ten years hence—that is, provided the practical people who want to reform the Sunday schools, remodel our literature, and set things in general right, should get their way.

UNCLE ANDREW CARNÉGE, in addition to the role of philanthropist, has taken upon himself the mantle of prophet. Some few months ago Uncle Andrew, on the occasion of his inauguration as rector of one of the Scottish universities, did quite a spate of universal friend and adviser of mankind. But his performance on that occasion, though calculated to set Emperor William, King Edward and a few more of the great ones of Europe on the right road to success, was not a patch to his latest little stunt, in which he kindly hands out a few bunches of information to Canadians about their probable future. Replying to the invitation to be present at Toronto's Home Week gathering, the eminent dispenser of libraries and interpreter of destiny forecasts the ultimate political union of Canada and the United States. This is interesting, but it is open to objection as being not altogether novel. Canadians somehow have a hazy recollection of hearing the same thing before from other quarters. Uncle Andrew should aim to be more original. It is all very well for him to discourse on success in life and how to cinch more dollars than the other fellow. But when he gets into political altitudes he will have to say something fresh if he wishes us to listen with becoming humility and interest. Annexation is an ancient theme, stale to putrescence. Uncle Andrew may be able to create a sensation occasionally in Canada by throwing a library or two into "our midst," but he cannot make us bat an eyelash by all that slack about political union which he likes to pump at us from over the international fence.

THE appointment of "Jim" Leonard to be Assistant General Manager of the C.P.R. is a further recognition of the ability of one of the most competent railway men in America. Mr. Leonard, it is announced, will have headquarters in Winnipeg and executive control of the Western division, but the position is in reality that of assistant to the General Manager, Mr. McNeill. Every promotion that comes to Mr. J. W. Leonard is an earned promotion. His efficiency is the key to his success. Amongst thousands of his old friends and associates and fellow railwaymen throughout Ontario, the news that he has been jumped up another notch higher will be received with pleasure, but not surprise.

TORONTO UNIVERSITY has conferred yet another honorary degree, and while Sir Alexander Mackenzie, eminent composer and director, is doubtless as well entitled to such a distinction at the hands of Chancellor Meredith as anyone else who has received it, the question arises whether the honorary degree business is not rapidly getting into the comic opera zone. In the nature of things comparatively few people in this country will ever be able to sport titles of nobility. In the chilly and perhaps vulgarly commercial atmosphere of Canada, they are and must continue to be exotics, imported, but never home-grown. Even knighthoods of the common or garden kind do not entirely flourish in our democratic soil, notwithstanding the numerous experiments in transplanting and acclimatizing them. But what Canadians, in common with Americans generally, lack in the gorgeous flora of aristocracy, they more than make up in academic decorations indigenous to the soil. Our passion for degrees is on a par with the weakness of the Kentuckians for colons. The Canadian public man who has not attained to the distinction of an LL.D., a D.C.L., or X.Y.Z. of at least one university, must either be a poor specimen or fearfully lacking in "pull." Of course we Canadians are not singular in our passion for learning of the artificial, rubber-stamp kind attested by these mystical and cabalistic combinations, which say so much and represent so little. The disease is one common to the continent to which we belong.

In a recent number of the "Harvard Monthly," Professor William James writes amusingly of this very foible. His theme is "The Ph.D. Octopus." The degree fetch, he says, is a kind of mandarin disease, hostile to our democratic idea that it is the man and the man's ability that really count. He relates stories of heads of small colleges who had declared to him that they wouldn't have a man on their faculties who was not a "doctor," no matter how good a teacher he might be. In other words, these chancellors proposed to have a brilliant array of capital letters in the faculty list of their calendars, depending on this to draw students rather than upon the academic attractions of their posters rather than upon the agility of their acrobats. That the "Ph.D. Octopus" has become so well entrenched in the college calendars, and (as Professor James puts it) say to themselves, "This must be a terribly distinguished crowd; their titles shine like stars in the firmament; Ph.D.'s, S.D.'s, and Litt.D.'s bespangle the page as if they were sprinkled over it with a pepper castor," and so they forthwith despatch their sons and wards to the collegiate constellation in which shine these professorial stars.

But if the "Ph.D. Octopus" is an absurd and useless creature, much more so is his brother the "Honorary Degree Octopus," whose wobbly tentacles sprawl over our academic institutions and, with indiscriminating touch, seize alike upon passing greatness and passing mediocrity and draw them, unresisting, in, to be placed amongst the alphabetically elect.

PEOPLE have become cautious about accepting newspaper reports of alleged medical discoveries, there has been so much fake business in the past, both on the part of the sensation-mongering press and notoriety-hunting "scientists." There are men in the realm of electricity, for example, who, like Tesla in the realm of electricity, live in close proximity to the newspaper offices and have established reputations for themselves on the basis of promises rather than performances. However, one discovery reported is so well vouched for, so important if true, and withal so novel and scientifically picturesque an adventure in the realm of experiment, that it is creating something like a sensation. It is a new antitoxin for typhoid, but the way in which it is obtained is the interesting part of the story. Press despatches affirm that Dr. Allan Macfadyen, director of the Jenner Institute of Preventive Medicine in London, has obtained an anti-typhoid serum by expressing the juice from typhoid bacilli, first rendering them brittle by freezing them with liquid air. Says a despatch to the New York "Sun": "Dr. Macfadyen found that by crushing the microscopic cells of the typhoid bacilli in liquid air the intercellular juices can be obtained apart from their living organism, and that these juices are highly toxic. By injecting them in small, repeated doses into a living animal its blood-serum is rendered powerfully antitoxic and bactericidal; that is to say, it becomes an antidote alike to living typhoid bacteria and to the poison that may be extracted therefrom." Regarding the



crushing of bacteria the question naturally arises by what unimaginable accuracy of grinding can these infinitesimal organisms be broken so as to release their intercellular toxins. The answer that the crushing is done in liquid air does not explain the whole of the marvel, for it is known that the intense cold of liquid air does not affect the vitality of bacteria, but when thus frozen hard they become brittle, and, notwithstanding their almost inconceivable minuteness, can be completely broken up by trituration and will under no subsequent conditions show a sign of bacterial growth.

According to the London "Times," an authority which will carry more weight in this country than the New York "Sun," the account of Dr. Macfadyen's success was communicated to the Royal Society by Lord Lister, who thus became responsible for the substantial accuracy of his colleague's conclusions—and there is no more honored name among English physicians than that of Lord Lister. "The typhoid bacilli were first placed in liquid air, whose temperature is some 312 degrees F. below zero. This did not kill the bacilli—when they were thawed out they were as festively homicidal as before. What it did do was to render them susceptible of being triturated—that is, crushed, broken up—releasing the toxic intercellular juices, which, when injected, like diphtheria toxin, into the veins of animals, produced a serum believed to be an antidote to, and cure for, typhoid fever."

Of course extended experiment must be made before it can be said with assurance that a specific for typhoid has really been found. If Dr. Macfadyen's hopes are well founded it will be a boon to mankind. No scientific man now doubts the efficacy of diphtheria antitoxin. By its use the death rate from the disease has been greatly reduced—in Berlin from 10.2 per thousand to 3.7; in Paris from 6.5 to 1.3; in New York from 14.5 to 6.3. Typhoid is a universally prevalent disease, and an antitoxin for it would, if as successful as in the case of diphtheria, save thousands of lives annually.

Meanwhile it is being pointed out that the practical results of new discoveries in science are nearly always of an unexpected kind. When air was first liquefied and solidified several years ago, it was predicted that it would soon be generally used to cool houses, cauterize wounds and generate power. None of these forecasts has been fulfilled. Even Professor Tripler could hardly have guessed that liquid air would first give large promise of utility to mankind by making brittle the shells of microscopic bacilli, "so that they might be crushed and the juice squeezed out of their little gizzards to be later used to poison their perniciously active brethren in our midst."

#### Social and Personal.

**T**HE engagement of Mr. Don Ross, second son of the late Hon. A. W. Ross and Miss Maude Dwight, daughter of Mr. H. P. Dwight, St. George street, is announced. Mr. Don Ross left for his home in the North on Thursday. Both young people are deservedly esteemed by a large circle in Toronto.

The marriage of Mr. Walton Stanley Smith of New York to Amy Beatrice, only child of Mr. F. Winnietta Ball of New York, and niece of the Misses Ball of 5 Queen's Park, took place at half-past eight o'clock on Tuesday morning at the Chapel of St. John the Divine. The chaplain, Rev. J. C. Hartley, celebrated, and the warden, Rev. J. M. Davenport, read the marriage address. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. Justice MacMahon, wore a gown of white Eolienne crepe with ruffles of chiffon about the hem and train and yoke, and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley, the same flowers fastening the long tulle veil. Her bridesmaid, Miss Millicent Henderson, wore a white mouline and lace, threaded with pale blue ribbons, a hat of the same, and carried white tulips. Mr. Austin Denning of Baltimore, formerly of Quebec, was best man. After the ceremony the bridal party, with a few relatives, repaired to the convent, where a large room was set apart and beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion, and where congratulations were offered. At noon Mr. and Mrs. Smith left for New York, whence they will sail for Florida, where the honeymoon will be spent. Among those at the wedding were Hon. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, the Misses Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Broughall, Mrs. Nicholas Davidson, Miss Ramsay of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. William Rae, and a few others. Mrs. MacMahon looked very handsome in bisque crepe de chine, and straw toque with bisque crown, black brim, and yellow roses. Miss Ball was in grey crepe de chine with black and white hat. The bride spent part of her school days under the charge of the Sisterhood of St. John the Divine.

Mr. Nordheimer of Glenadyth entertained His Excellency the Governor-General, Lady Minto, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Dr. and Mrs. C. A. E. Harris, and the vice-regal suite at supper at the Toronto Club after the State concert on Thursday evening. The Club authorities had made their always beautiful home a perfect bower of green and flowers to welcome the distinguished party, and the decoration by Dunlop was a work of art. The supper-table, set for over half a hundred guests, was done in three parts, being arranged as three sides of an oblong with the guests of honor seated at the cross-table. On this center-table were orchids, lilies of the valley and white roses, and at either corner tall crystal vases held long-stemmed ivory roses. At the two long tables were mignonette, marguerites, and pink and white roses. The large mantel was banked with hydrangeas, white lilies, and palms, and the sideboards, rhododendrons and plants of marguerites. No boutonnières were placed at the covers. Lady Minto brought her exquisite presentation bouquet of "Helen Gould" roses, which she received at the State concert, and Mrs. Harris also bore her fine bouquet, also a presentation. The company was a very brilliant and representative one, and the supper was a most enjoyable close to a bright day.

The marriage of Miss Flora Jessie Alexander, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Rowand of Quebec, and Mr. David Watson Alexander of Binscarth road, Rosedale, took place in St. Andrew's Church, King street, on Wednesday afternoon at half-past two. The bride was slightly favored by that wicked weather man, inasmuch as it did not pour with rain upon her marriage, but the day was sulky and cloudy. Another gay and bright assemblage of guests filled the big church and witnessed the ceremony. At half-past two the bridegroom and his best man, Mr. W. A. Spratt of Hamilton, entered from the vestry and the bride was led up the east aisle by Mr. D. R. Wilkie, an old family friend, who also gave her away, preceded by a quartette of ushers, Captain Kay, Mr. Douglas Young, Mr. Kelly Evans, and Mr. Stewart Greer, and followed by her bridesmaid and niece, Miss Dora K. Rowand. Miss Rowand's bridal gown was of lustrous white satin, en train, severely plain, and most becoming to her fine figure. The bodice was of folded satin with a tucked guimpe of chiffon sewn with seed pearls, and a fichu of beautiful lace, her mother's wedding veil, and a collar of the same. The elbow sleeves were finished with a deep pointed flounce of white satin. A crown of orange blossoms was fastened on the bride's dark hair, and a veil of tulle floated about her as with drooping head she slowly passed up to the side of the waiting groom. A glint of gold and diamonds and the soft gleam of pearls came from the three handsome bridal gifts she wore, a diamond sunburst from her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hankey of London, England, who spent some time here a few years since; a brooch of gold Mercury wings studded with pearls, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne's gift, and a pearl and diamond clasp, the gift of Mr. Wilkie. She looked a picture in her bridal array. The bouquet was of lilies of the valley and white roses, with white heather, the Scottish talisman of luck, tucked into the center, and some real orange blossoms sent by Mr. J. A. Rowand from California. Miss Dora Rowand wore shell pink crepe de chine with Cluny lace over pink silk, and her huge soft pink hat with ospreys shaded her handsome clever face most bewitchingly. She carried pink roses tied with sashes of pink Liberty ribbon, and wore the groom's gift, a gold heart set with fine pearls. Dr. Armstrong Black performed the ceremony, at which the bride's and groom's relatives occupied the seats immediately outside the pews and next the bridal group. After the ceremony a reception and dejeuner were arranged at the home of the bride's mother, where the guests were most pleased to find that Mrs. Rowand, who wore black velvet and point lace, was sufficiently strong to come down and, seated on her sofa, receive them with her own sweet smile and gentle word of welcome. Miss Rowand, on whom all responsibility rested for the arrangements, may congratulate herself upon being a perfect organizer and hostess. She looked very well indeed in a handsome black sequined gown touched with turquoise, and turban to match, with white roses. Her bouquet was of American Beauties. The relatives of the groom, his handsome brothers, Mr. Alexander of Guelph and Mr. John Alexander of Bowmanville, with his pretty wife in black and white, and wide-brimmed plumed hat; Miss Grace Alexander in pastel green voile de soie with white plumed hat, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson,

SIR OLIVER MOWAT.



*Quawat*

old friends; Lady Kirkpatrick, in white and black, with some magnificent "Beauty" roses; Lady Meredith, in a quiet black and white gown and toque; Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion in grey cloth and hat to match; Mr. and Mrs. Ridout of Rosedale House; the president of the Jockey Club, of which Mr. Alexander is a director, and Mrs. Hendrie of Holmstead; Mrs. John D. Hay; Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan and Miss Buchanan of Stanley Barracks; Miss Buchanan of Bloor street west; Mrs. Herbert Robinson of Kingston, who looked very pretty in black daintily touched with white; Miss Mair, Major and Miss Michie, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill, the latter looking very handsome in palest blue and large hat; Mrs. Henry C. Osborne, also in pale blue; Mrs. George Evans, very beautiful in a becoming hat and pretty gown; Mrs. Arthur Pepler in an ultra smart white costume and handsome hat; Mrs. Henry Sanford, in a black and white gown, and shaking her head over all blandishments to return for the Horse Show; Mrs. Clinch, in a beautiful violet gown with white; Mrs. Acton Burrows, in a handsome helio-grope gown and large hat; Mr. and Mrs. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mr. James Clark, Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones and Miss Melvin-Jones, who wore an exquisite oyster white silk canvas gown with lace applications and a pink hat; Mrs. G. A. Case, in a lovely gown of cream, with picture hat and plumes; Miss Case, in white, and a very smart hat; Mr. and Mrs. Le Mesurier, Dr. and Mrs. Grasset, Lieutenant-Colonel Stimson, Mrs. Agar Adamson, in grey, with velvet medallions, and grey chapeau; Mr. and Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Dr. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Strachan Johnston, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra of Guiseley House; Mr. Davidson Harman, Mrs. Bruce Harman and Miss Harman, Miss Marion Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Payne, the Misses Thompson of Derwent Lodge, Miss Thornburn, Miss Todd, Captain and Mrs. James Burnham, were some of the brilliant company who congratulated and toasted the bride and groom. The house was decorated with palms, Easter lilies and roses, and tulips and daffodils were arranged in the dining-room, where the bride cut the cake with one of the fine knives from the magnificent gift of the groom's staff, a case of silver. Other conspicuously handsome gifts were a silver tea and coffee service from the Ontario Jockey Club, a splendid Doulton and silver salad service from the best man, an inlaid table of much value from Mr. Peter Ryan, a water service of cut glass from Mr. John Kilgour, a branched candelabrum from Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander, silver salvers from Sir Thomas and Lady Shaughnessy, cut glass pitcher and salad bowl from Mr. Bowes of Guelph, a silver chocolate pot from Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, some beautiful work, cushion and centerpiece, from the bride's relatives in Helena, Montana, a traveling clock from Dr. and Mrs. Grasset, a silver sugar bowl from Mr. and Mrs. Le Mesurier, a very complete and handsomely fitted traveling bag from Mr. and Mrs. Ince, a chafing dish from Mr. Kelly Evans, and scores of beautiful gifts in jewelry, silver, glass, china, pictures, books and needlework from friends of both bride and groom. Mrs. Henry Sanford gave a royal blue velvet and openwork silver-jewel casket and a crystal and silver perfume bottle. The bride and groom left for Buffalo by the late afternoon train, whence the bride telephoned an enquiry for the gentle mother who had made such an effort to be up for the wedding, and who was, of course, obliged to retire immediately after the reception. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander will for the present occupy the home in Binscarth road, but I believe a new house is to be built very shortly for a permanent residence. They are expected home about the first of May.

Mr. John Cawthra of Guiseley House has gone to Peterboro', where he will take up his profession.

Mrs. Ahearn and Mrs. Fleck of Ottawa are visiting Miss Denzil at Conservatory Residence, 2 Orde street.

On Thursday afternoon the annual meeting of the Victorian Order of Nurses was held in the members' reception-room at the Parliament Buildings, the Countess of Minto presiding. Mr. D. R. Wilkie, who has been a firm friend of the order since its inception, presented Lady Minto with a splendid Dunlop bouquet of American Beauty roses. A group of young ladies poured tea and waited on the company after the meeting.

This has been a week of weddings, and it is matter for congratulation that the prominent and popular principals in the two brilliant affairs of Tuesday and Wednesday, and the quieter of the Tuesday weddings, are all to remain in Toronto. Rosedale will soon be richer for two more brides, and another will preside over a pretty menage in D'Arcy street.

Miss Violet Langmuir and Mr. Gwyn Francis were wedded in St. Andrew's Church at half-past two o'clock on Tuesday. Dr. Armstrong Black officiating. The handsome church was decorated with palms and Easter lilies in great profusion.

HIS HONOR JUDGE WINCHESTER.



*Yours sincerely*  
*W. Winchester*

From two o'clock the guests arrived until the church was filled with a radiant company whose festal garb was indeed fair to see after the torrents of rain and grey, cloudy weather which ruled without. As the hour for the ceremony arrived heads were turning toward the door, and men and women expected with great interest and affection the advent of the sweetest little bride imaginable, as all knew Miss Langmuir would be. The groom and his brother (who filled the place of the intended best man, Mr. Norman Macrae, who was unable to be present through unforeseen circumstances) took their places. Dr. Armstrong Black stood in the center of the dais, which was banked twenty feet high with palms and lilies, the organ brightly sounded that significant strain from "Lohengrin," and the bride's procession, entered from the end of the church and proceeded slowly up the east aisle, the two sweet little flower girls, Misses Marjorie and Dorothy Langmuir, in white frocks and hats, and carrying baskets of violets, leading with serious faces and measured steps. Everyone remarked the childlike and earnest expression of the little maids, who performed the not always easy duty of leading the bride's procession, so perfectly and sweetly. The sisters of the bridegroom, the Misses Gwen and Beatrice Francis, came next, in picturesque white mouline de soie gowns, with yokes and insertions of ecru lace and deep frilled elbow sleeves. A touch of color, springlike and delicate, was given by the pale green satin belts and sashes, finished in tasselled points; the white hats were wreathed with bride roses and the bouquets were of deep purple violets exquisitely fringed with lily of the valley, and tied with sashes of pale green satin ribbon. Miss Charlotte Langmuir was maid of honor, and preceded the bride, wearing a gown and chapeau to correspond with the bridesmaids' costumes, and carrying a similar bouquet. As the fairylike and exquisite little bride appeared, with her father, a murmur of admiration greeted her. She wore a beautiful gown, airy and becoming, of silk point d'esprit, inset profusely with medallions of lace, over white silk, and enveloped by a cloud of tulle, her mother's wedding veil, and a coronet of orange blossoms which had also been worn by her mother at her marriage, and under which her mignon face was fair and sweet indeed. The bridal bouquet was of white violets and lily of the valley. Mr. Langmuir gave his daughter away, and after the brief ceremony, while the register was being signed in the vestry, one of the choir sang a new and fine setting of the well-known hymn, "O Perfect Love." The organ was played with whispering softness during the entire ceremony, rolling out a sweet and full "amen" as the last words were said. The ushers, who had no easy task in seating the hundreds of guests, were Mr. McGregor Young, Mr. John Moss, and Mr. Robert Henderson. Miss Langmuir gave her bridesmaids pretty little enamelled violets as souvenirs of the happy day.

The reception which followed the ceremony filled the residence of Mr. Langmuir in Tyndall avenue with an exceptionally smart party, many of whose gowns were dreams of beauty and elegance, and all of whom were hearty in their congratulations and good wishes to the young bride and groom, who received in the drawing-room, which, with the whole spacious house, was beautiful with flowers and echoing with the jollity attendant on a marriage so happy and under such bright auspices. When the reception was over, the bride cut the cake and the health of the happy pair was proposed and honored with three hearty cheers, the buffet being crowned with golden daffodils and ferns, and surrounded by a merry throng of friends who hemmed in the bridal party, and could scarcely let them away that the bride might make ready for her journey. She wore for her going-away gown a deep blue canvas touched with red and inserted with lace medallions and Dresden silk, with white hat. Mr. and Mrs. Francis left on the afternoon train for the States, where they are spending their honeymoon. On their return they will join the Crescent road coterie of bridal couples in "Spotless Town," having secured Mrs. Montague Adamson's pretty house for their residence. The bridal gifts numbered several hundreds and filled a large apartment, which was centered by a huge table covered with crystal and silver articles, and lined with tables bearing rich witness of the love and thought of the relatives and friends of the bride. Space quite fails to enumerate them, but those whose experience has made them authorities say that seldom have they been surpassed at a Toronto bridal for beauty and value. A few of the guests were Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, who wore a beautiful cream canvas gown handsomely appliqued and white turban; Lady Meredith, in a quiet gown of black and white; Mrs. Percival Ridout, who was handsomely gowned; Mrs. G. R. R. Cookburn wore black satin with chiffon and lace and black lace hat; Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill wore pale pink crepe de chine with cream lace; Mrs. Henry Osborne pink flowered mouline, accented pleated and touched with black velvet; Mrs. Henry Sanford wore a lovely gown of pale grey with a beautiful diamond collar and a black chapeau with touches of white; Mrs. Victor Cawthra was in a glistening black gown and turban with aigrette of black; Miss Powell of Ottawa was in pale blue with a white hat and plume. Mrs. MacMahon wore a bisque canvas gown with wide cream lace trimmings and a very smart ecru lace coat, which everyone admired; Mrs. Victor Williams wore pale grey; Mrs. Cattanauch looked extremely well in pale grey and green and white hat; Mrs. Lally McCarthy was beautifully gowned and wore a pretty wide-brimmed hat edged with tiny pink and white flowers; Mrs. George A. Case was in grey, with white lace applique, and Miss Case in pale blue silk Russian net, with white lace, over white.

Of the bridal party, Mrs. Francis was in black voile de soie, and had white roses in her bonnet and a huge bouquet of Liberty roses. Mrs. Porter of Buffalo wore bisque canvas trimmed with lace and a hat of champagne straw. Mrs. George Jarvis was in dull green with white lace and white hat. Mrs. Archie Langmuir wore pale fawn voile. Mrs. Jack Langmuir wore a smart sequined dress over black and a pumed turban to match. Miss Athol Boulton and Miss Mary Davidson were the prettiest of girls in very smart gowns. Miss Gladys Nordheimer wore a handsome cream and lace gown. Mrs. Hammond wore grey with white lace; Miss Nevitt looked very handsome in a smart gown and hat with roses. Mrs. Magann was a picture in a lovely gown and hat draped with white lace over flowers. Mrs. Aylesworth wore a handsome black lace and jet gown and large hat to match. Mrs. Walter Beardmore wore pale green satin with over-dress of iridescent spangled net. Mrs. Bruce Riddard was handsomely gowned in black profusely paillette and a large black lace hat with touches of deep red. Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, the Misses Mackenzie, Miss Williams, Mrs. Gzowski, Captain and Mrs. A. T. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. and the Misses Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Miss Barwick, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. McInnes, Miss Patteson, the Misses Boulton, Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan, Miss Buchanan, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, Miss Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, Mr. and Mrs. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, the Misses Rudyard Boulton, Colonel and Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, Miss Lottie Wood, Mr. Casey Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, the Misses Cattanauch, Mrs. R. B. Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mrs. Herbert Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kay, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra of Guiseley House, Mr. Jack Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Ridout, Mrs. W. A. Macculloch, Mrs. Elmsley of Barnstable, Captain Elmsley, Dr. and Mrs. Hoskin of the Dale and Miss Carmichael, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. and the Misses Nordheimer of Glenadyth, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Arthur of Ravenswood and Mrs. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Austin of Spadina, Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. Lash and Mrs. Miller Lash, Mrs. Campbell Reeves and Miss Macdonald, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. and Miss Walker, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Grasset, Mrs. S. H. James, Miss Louie James, Mr. Grant Ridout, Major Victor Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Bogert, were a few of the many at the ceremony and reception. The grandmother of the bride, Mrs. John Ridout, was an honored guest, and when the bride returned from the vestry she paused beside her for a kiss before leaving the church. The gift of the best man, Mr. Norman Macrae, was a splendid cabinet of silver.

The marriage of Miss Maud Temple, daughter of Mr. Edmund Temple of Huron street, and Mr. Joseph A. Thompson, second son of the late Sir John Thompson, took place on Tuesday and was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents. Miss Temple's wedding gown was of white satin trimmed with Honiton lace, and her Honiton lace veil was an heirloom for three generations of happy brides. The bouquet was of roses, lilies of the valley and ferns in a shower form. Miss Naomi Temple attended her sister in primrose Louisienne silk, with Ecru lace trimmings, and a chapeau of cream tulle lace and yellow roses. She carried white carnations. Mr. John Thompson of Ottawa, elder brother of the groom, was best man. The gift of the groom to the bride was a pearl and diamond brooch. The honeymoon will be spent in the States, and when Mr. and Mrs. Thompson return they will reside at 96 D'Arcy street.

One gift at a wedding this week was a tiny pair of silver



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salt and pepper sifters which were shown with a card, "From Beauty, with love to —." Now, behold you! "Beauty" is the crankiest of pugs, and his gift provoked many a smile.

The daffodil luncheon at St. James' school-house was an attractive mid-day re-union on Thursday and Friday, and was very well done.

It was with the greatest regret that Toronto friends said farewell to charming Mrs. Montague Adamson and her little folks. They left this week for Helena, Montana, to join Mr. Adamson there.

Many Toronto friends who respected and admired the character of Miss Fanny Cross, for some time head of the Deacons' Home of the Anglican Church in Toronto, will hear of her death, after long invalidism, with regret. Miss Cross died on Easter Eve at Union Lake.

Dr. W. H. Drummond lectures in Massey Hall next Thursday night on a habitation's visit to the British Isles. Phlorum Juneau's experiences are not yet published and should make interesting matter.

The engagement of Miss Dora Pack, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Pack of London, England, and Mr. David Mulholland of Deer Park, is announced. Their marriage will take place in June.

Miss Deda Gillespie, of the Rectory, Avenue road, has returned from a pleasant visit in Montreal. Mrs. Gault of New York spent Easter with her uncle, Mr. Nicol Kingmill, and the Misses Kingmill.



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## **Social and Personal.**

Mrs. Willie Baines, who has been the guest of Mrs. Beatty at The Oaks, left for a visit with Mrs. Strath in Spadina avenue on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman and their daughters left on Wednesday morning for a three months' visit in Germany and elsewhere.

Lady Gzowski, who has had such a serious illness during the past winter, is now well enough to take the air for a short drive on fine days.

Mrs. Thomas Tait and her little daughter arrived at the end of last week from Montreal, to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn until their departure for the West Coast, en route for Australia next month. Many friends dropped in on Sunday and Monday to see Mrs. Tait, who has been so welcome a visitor always, since her marriage, to her girlhood home.

"To be the first," sighed a society woman the other day. "Man's demand and woman's vain aspiration!" and she ate her wedding-cake with relish.

Miss Jennings is settled in her home in St. Vincent street. Mr. Adam Creelman spent a few days in Toronto over Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Creelman are going abroad this summer, and I believe Miss Jennings is to have her jolly little niece and comrade, Miss Edith, during their absence.

Mrs. A. W. Ross and Mr. Don Ross are "en pension" at 20 Washington avenue. I hear Mrs. Ross is going to reside in Winnipeg shortly.

Mrs. Robert J. Scott, looking even more graceful and charming than when she was the belle of Rosedale as Miss Mary Thom, received this week in her new home, Craigdar, a bijou little residence at 5 Rosedale Road. Mrs. Scott wore her wedding robe of white medallion lace over white satin—simply and becomingly fitting her tall, girlish figure—and was a most cordial and sincere welcomer of her old friends, and a gracious hostess to new ones. Her home is what the girls call "perfectly dear," and was inspected from end to end by some of her privileged callers, who found in each room signs of the perfect taste and judgment of the owners. There was the usual tea table with cakes and good things in the dainty salle-a-manger, where Mrs. Thom, mother of the hostess, presided, and a quartette of friends, the bridesmaids, and others, waited on the guests. Mrs. Scott received again on Monday and on Monday week.

A very nice home is being planned, east of Mr. Gordon Osler's residence, for Mrs. and the Misses Boulton of St. Vincent street. Many additions to the bright attractions of "Spotless Town," as the spick and span new region about Crescent Road has been nick-named, are in course of planning or completion.

The visit of the stork to Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston's home last week, with the gift of a baby girl, was the occasion of many kindly congratulations and good wishes from their hosts of friends.

The ever-available and beautiful quarters at McConkey's were most brilliant on society evening, when a large assembly of "le beau monde" dined and danced. After the Langmuir wedding, various hosts entertained the bridal party and the families of the bride and groom and some visiting guests in town and their hosts. It was a very jolly and appropriate finish to the wedding, which was one of the prettiest and most interesting of such ceremonies we have had in a very long time.

Miss Maude Powell, of Ottawa, whose marriage to Mr. Brick Francis takes place in June, was one of the fair guests at the Francis-Langmuir wedding. Mrs. Henry Sanford, of New York, also came up for the ceremony.

Many pedestrians and equestrians and what Mary Ann calls carriage folks, are asking whose is the fine and novel residence going up for Mr. Sanderson's occupancy on the corner of Crescent Road and Cluny Avenue. There is another exceedingly fine house, with the unusual concept of a circular hall, being completed vis-a-vis to Mr. Sanderson's, which everyone hopes will be taken by some one who will entertain. For, you may have remarked that there are

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many, far too many, houses in Toronto admirably suited for entertaining, which are for one reason or another practically "maisons fermes."

The short and simple ceremony of bestowing the degree of Doctor of Music upon Sir Alexander Mackenzie on Saturday was performed in the West Hall in the presence of a large concourse of invited friends of "Varsity," at three o'clock. Quite a lot of smart women were in their seats when the procession of dignitaries filed along the aisle to the Chancellor's seat, where Sir William Meredith, in black and gold gown and trowie, awaited the presentation of the distinguished recipient of Varsity's honor. Dr. Torrington read the speech of presentation, and Sir William took the noted visiting musician by the hand and in a couple of simple sentences conferred the degree. "Dr." Sir Alexander, who seemed really touched and pleased, made a sensible and lucid little response, calling himself, without affectation, a modest man, and looking very handsome and clever, notwithstanding, in a gorgeous robe of cream brocade bordered with cardinal satin, and carrying a quaint black velvet "beefeater" bonnet, in which were cunningly tucked a few notes for the speech. It was a pleasure to listen to his cultured voice, with a truly Scottish turn in it, and follow his clear and precise statement of his sentiments. Among the audience were, besides the University magnates and professors and their ladies, Miss Mowat, Miss Isabel Biggar, Captain Elmsley, A.D.C., Mrs. Ahearn of Ottawa, Mrs. Fleck, Mr. Mrs., and Miss James, Mrs. Clare FitzGibbon, Miss Sydney Tully, Miss Moss, Miss Anna Jennings, Miss Dallas, Mrs. Albert Ham, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, Mr. and Mrs. John King, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Murray Alexander, Colonel and Mrs. Sweeney of Rohallion, Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Mr. Houston. After the ceremony, Dr. Lang invited twenty or so of his friends to meet Sir Alexander for a cup of tea at his residence in Queen's Park, where a most delightful hour was spent. Sir Alexander Mackenzie was in the evening entertained by the Clef Club at McConkey's, and has, by his visit, added a warm personal interest to this part of the cycle of musical festivals from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which he is conducting in Canada.

On Saturday evening, despite the wet weather and the fact that it was an evening in Holy Week, and so not universally popular for outing, an intelligent and appreciative audience greeted M. Edouard Sabre Surveur of Montreal, a clever and handsome young lawyer, who came on invitation of the "Alliance Francaise" to deliver a lecture on Brussels, where he spent some months a few years since, attending a conference of legal lights, and afterwards being entertained most hospitably. The lecture was touched with humor here and there, giving a word picture of the great law courts that crown the hill of Brussels with magnificence, and are known as the "Palais de Justice" to every transient tourist, of the great Cathedral of Ste. Gudule, and various points of interest, making bright comparisons between Paris and Brussels, and occasionally evoking a laugh at his quaint sallies. The lecture was bien entendu in French, and among the members present were Mrs. Falconbridge, Mr. Jack Falconbridge, Professor Keys, Professor Vander-Smissen, Madame la Comtesse de Ruffe, M. and Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere, M. Rene de Ruffe, M. des Champs, who took the chair, and many other students and lovers of the French language.

The ball given by the Hamilton Riding Club last evening was an attraction to a jolly party of Torontonians. I hope to speak of details next week.

Miss Sophy Hagarty left this week for England. Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald returned from Mexico last week. Miss Gertrude Temple of 47 St. George street is going to visit her uncle, Rev. Charles Plenderleath, rector of Mainhead, Devonshire. She is spending a short time in Quebec before sailing.

The closing meeting of the Woman's Musical Club will be held this day week. Those invited look forward to a very pleasant hour of music and social intercourse.

Mr. Finucane came up from Ottawa for an Easter visit, and his friends welcomed him with much pleasure. Mrs. Rowbotham, his sister, has recently returned from abroad, and is with her husband and little son at the Queen's.

Mr. Leigh McCarthy was welcomed back last week from a trip taken south for his health, and his many friends (for he is a very popular young man) are glad to hear the change of air benefited him.

The final match of the season of indoor baseball was played on Saturday night between the Governor-General's Body Guard team and the 48th Highlanders nine, in which the doughty

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The girls are to compete in the preparation of good, everyday dishes and in general cookery. Probably Grape-Nuts and Postum Coffee will come in for some attention incidentally, but the tests will be conducted under the daily direction of the housewife, and 735 cooks will win varying cash prizes from \$200.00 down to \$5.00, no one is required to pay anything whatever to enter this contest, and each winner will receive a large certificate or diploma with the big Postum seal in gift, a badge of distinction much to be sought after. Particulars can be had by addressing Cookery Department No. 471 of Postum Cereal Company (Limited), Battle Creek, Mich.

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Kilties won the championship. The officers' gallery held quite a brilliant coterie of ladies and gentlemen, and the interest taken in the game was decided. Among the spectators were Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Bruce of Newmarket, who were down for Easter, and Mrs. Rankin Campbell of Chicago.

On Monday afternoon a number of young friends of Miss Mary Elwood took afternoon tea with her and wished her "bon voyage" on her trip to the Old Country.

The birth of a little son to Mrs. W. A. Gilmour, who was made a widow shortly after her arrival at her new home in Vancouver last year, was an interesting happening in Hamilton last Saturday. Those who so truly sympathized with the young wife in her sad bereavement will rejoice with her that a bonnie boy has come to bear the name her late husband adored so well, and trust he may be a life-long comfort.

Mr. Stewart Wilkie and Mr. Arthur Wilkie have been for the past week spending the holidays with their father, Mr. D. R. Wilkie.

Mrs. Gwynn Osler of Ottawa (nee Scarth) is visiting her mother, Mrs. Scarth.

Mr. and Mrs. Burritt and Dr. Andrew Smith went to New York for Easter.

The marriage of Miss Marguerite Isabelle Hesson, youngest daughter of Mr. Samuel Hesson of Stratford, and Mr. Greenville Edwin Morgan, younger son of the late Captain Edwin Morgan,

## **WHEAT MARROW**

A steady seller all the year round. The "totally different" Cereal Food that is making such great strides in popular favor. More quickly prepared and can be used in more different ways than any other. Made from the glutinous portions of the choicest Winter Wheat.

A builder-up of weakened tissue. Easily digested. Sterilized. The one Breakfast Food that is in a class by itself. A steady seller!

Leading Wholesalers Sell the Above.

Montreal. A. P. TIPPET & CO., Agents, Toronto.



## **Wear a CROMPTON Corset**

and be sure of a smart and symmetrical figure. Ask to see Crompton's New Models.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING MERCHANTS

## **Fownes' Gloves**

The most reliable and perfect fitting Glove. In demand everywhere. If you would like a well dressed, stylish-looking hand—wear Fownes' Gloves.

## **Made for Women and Men**

## **OUR Spring Styles in Skirts**

ARE NOW READY

We are showing the largest and most varied assortment in Toronto. It will pay you to visit our Show-rooms before ordering your new Skirt.

## **The Skirt Specialty Co.**

64 KING STREET WEST (Upstairs)

## **The Corset Specialty Co.**

112 Yonge St., Toronto

1st Floor over Singer Office.

Manufacturers of Corsets and Health Waists made to fit the figure by expert designers. Hose Supporters attached.

Imported Corsets always in stock.

Repairing and refitting of any make of Corset neatly done.

Reliable Agents Wanted.



## **Is Your Hair Thin?**

Any lady who has not an abundance of hair will appreciate this latest effect in a Pompadour Bang. Made of the very finest quality of hair and being impossible to detect, it is one of the most becoming head dresses we have in our large assortment. The illustration shows the Bang adjusted and the hair being drawn over it. Let us explain the many modish styles in which it can be worn.

**JAHN & SON**

131 KING ST. WEST. Tel. Main 2363



## **Bewitching Effects**

In dressing the hair it is the artistic touch of experts, such as are to be found at

## **Dorenwend's**

103 and 105 YONGE STREET

which produces the smart effects in all the newest styles.

Telephone—Main 1551.



## **PEMBER'S LATEST DESIGNS** 127-129 Yonge

Ladies and Gentlemen have you consulted

**Madam Lytell.**

325 JARVIS ST.  
In reference to the condition of your hair and scalp? If not, why not? Perfect work in Face and Body Massage, Manicuring and Pedicure. These are all essential to health and beauty. Vapour Baths. Removal of superfluous hair a specialty. Consultation free. Students instructed. Phone Main 330.

## **PRESCRIPTIONS. PERFUMES**

W. J. A. & H. Carnahan, Chemists, etc.

cor. Carlton and Church, Toronto.

## **L. A. STACKHOUSE**

MANICURING and CHIROPODY

Has removed to 166 KING ST. WEST opposite Princess Theatre Telephone for appointment Main 1185.



### *His Last Appearance*

Lemuel as poet was admired and envied by everyone, till Professor Waterhouse set the ode to music. He was possessed of little originality, and the tune was a delightful combination of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Rock of Ages;" but it won all hearts, and the ladies declared it "awfully nice."

The poor lendeth to the Lord?"

All the next day a mighty upheaval was going on in the old Town Hall which, by the way, had been the scene of a chicken-show a couple of days before. After the sawdust had been removed by the barrel, the floor was scraped and swept and scrubbed with the energy that Slocum could muster. But all the water of Jordan and all the soap of Slocum could never remove the odor which hung like incense throughout

"Another friend, an old gentleman seventy, named \_\_\_\_\_, who for years suffered all one could suffer and live, was dyspepsia, and who sometimes for weeks could eat no bread or solid food, only a little weak gruel or milk, quit coffee \_\_\_\_\_ on my recommendation and took up Postum. He began to get better at once. Now he can eat rich pastry or whatever he likes and is perfectly well."

Names given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

*Two Easters.*

And oh! what an Easter it had been! In the evening he had come. She had met him now through all these years, like a handsome boy lover. She had run to meet him, with his flowers pinned at his breast—and the one for his coat in his hand! And then that delightful walk to church—his church, where his warm, tenor voice swelled the choir. She had felt timid and shy. His mother had asked an invitation for her to sit with them

# ...LUDELLA

She asks him if he has been to church—  
"Yes," he says, "or rather he feels as  
he had." And she smiles at the answer  
so like him. He tells her presently how  
he only got back last night from foreign  
lands, and asks her if she will take him  
to the other services to-day, and add  
that he hopes to be able to persuade her  
to come with him to one to-morrow. At  
which she blushes deliciously, and then  
she softly thanks him for his flowers.

BOB.



**Special Offer**

**50 Pyjama Suits**

English Oxford and  
Zephyr, regular \$2.50

**\$1.50 Suit**

**WREYFORD & CO**  
85 King St. West

"How do you suppose she manages to make her husband still love her?" "Why, she won't let him draw on her principal and that, of course, keeps up the interest."

**ANA**

Are you weak, pale, restless, breathing fitful

Are you irritable, feel  
Does exertion make you  
feel sleepy? Heart ab  
feel dizzy and as if you  
These are evidences  
Anaemia.



**DR. BLACHE** Member

Academy of Medicine, Paris.  
This eminent physician  
says: "Via wasting diseases—  
Anemia, depression and  
slow convalescence we can  
obtain favorable results by  
use of the marvelous tonic,  
Via Mariani."

**\$1.50 Suit**

**WREYFORD & CO**  
85 King St. West

# EMIA

melancholy? Is your sleep  
and catchy, mind dull?

nervous, appetite gone?  
 feel weak and tired, often  
 must stop beating? Ever  
 would faint?  
 of that dread disease—

**VIN MARIANI —**  
The richest blood-  
making tonic wine  
will supply the  
needed strength and  
nourishment to the

**system — restoring  
energy and health  
to every part.**

It replenishes and sustains — giving healthy, vigorous action to body

**WIN  
RIANI**



**The SECRET OF PERFECT BUST Form**  
Sent Free  
Madam Thora's French Corset System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to enlarge the bust six inches; also fills hollow places in neck and chest. It has been used by leading actresses and society ladies for 20 years. Book giving full particulars sent free, on request. Enclose stamp and address, Madam Thora Toilet Co., Toronto, Ont.

### Canada's Winter Resort

**The Famous "St. Catharines Well"**

The great specific for rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, sciatica and nervous troubles.

### THE WELLAND

fitted with modern bath system, massage, static electricity, under charge of skilled physician and attendants. Roof sun parlor, promenade. Rooms with telephones, private baths, amusement-rooms, gymnasium. Apply—

Malcolmson Bros., St. Catharines, or Grand Trunk Railway Agents.

### Fish Meals

At Mrs. Meyer's Parlors, 1801 Queen West

are again served as nice and tasty as they were last season (other meals and luncheons as well). Try our meals and have a look at our ball-room. Phone Park 905.

### Cloudy Weather

need not interfere with your plans of having your fine lace curtains cleaned. We call for, clean and deliver your curtains without the possibility of injury to them.

### R. PARKER & CO.

Byers and Cleaners, Toronto  
201 and 791 Yonge St., 50 King St. West, 471 and 1267 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East.  
Phone: North 211, Main 2143 and 1004, Park 95.

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

## Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

*Wm. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR BILIOUSNESS.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR SALLLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.  
GENTLEST AND MOST EFFECTIVE.  
Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *Wm. Wood*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

**O'Keefe's Special**  
Turn It Upside Down  
—DRINK IT ALL  
—NO DRUGS  
—NOT CARBONATED  
The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented. A single trial will convince. To be had at all hotels and dealers.  
**The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO.**  
OF TORONTO, Limited

**THE WOMAN**  
who wears Oxfords should always wear "HAGAR" make. They're simply perfect.  
Procurable only at  
**H. & C. BLANCHFORD'S**  
116 Yonge Street

### Curious Bits of News.

After several unsuccessful attempts and three years' labor, the unparalleled feat of cutting a ring out of a single diamond has been accomplished by the patience and skill of Mr. Antoine, one of the best known lapidaries of Antwerp. The ring is about three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

A case of self-sacrifice on the part of a St. Bernard dog occurred recently in St. Paul, Minn. He saved the life of his master's little girl, at the cost of his own. The child had wandered on the street railway tracks, and did not see the electric car which was approaching at a high rate of speed. The dog did, and sprang forward, seized the child's frock between his teeth and dragged her from destruction, but he sacrificed himself. The car struck the great creature, and his neck was broken.

A German inventor has made a hundred mile journey with water shoes on the surface of the River Danube. The shoes are cylindrical in shape, and are made of aluminium to give them extreme lightness. They are several feet long, and are propelled by a treading movement, which causes four oar-shaped wings to revolve. The inventor claims that he can travel on water three times as fast as he can walk on land, and that locomotion is as safe on rough water as on smooth. He hopes to have the shoes made a part of every well-regulated life-saving station.

Farmers and newspaper men are very likely to become joint beneficiaries of a great scheme of co-operation in making the most of the corn crop. Not of the grain merely, but of the whole plant, stalk, leaves, pith, tassels, husks, cobs and kernels. After a long course of experimentation, carried on at Kankakee, Ill., under the encouragement of the national Agricultural Department, it is found that high-grade paper can be profitably manufactured, in different varieties, from various parts of the plant. One kind is made from the hard shell of the stalk, another from the pith and a third from the husk.

The other night Second Warden E. A. McPherson climbed the penitentiary wall at Salem, Ore., to test the vigilance of guards. McPherson's feat was performed at the risk of his life, for had he been discovered, he would probably have been instantly shot. He placed a ladder against the exterior of the wall, climbed up, lowered his ladder into the jail yard and descended. He went through the prison shops, and as a final touch carried away the coat and hat of one of the guards. It was from this jail that the famous Tracy escaped last summer, and it is supposed that the rifle with which he fought his way out was taken into the prison over the yard fence.

The engineers digging the wonderful tunnel that runs through the great Simplot mountain to connect Switzerland with Italy are experiencing great difficulties because of the presence of the water comes from the top of the mountain and is heated almost to boiling point by the friction and pressure of its percolation through the limestone beds of the mountain. Before the tunnel had been dug very far on the Italian side the heat became so intense that it was impossible to live in it. The mountain was piped, and soon fifteen thousand gallons of steaming hot water were flowing out of the south end of the tunnel every minute of the day and night. The immense flow was harnessed and made to drive refrigerating plants and cold air blowers. To-day the temperature of the tunnel has been reduced from a height that would have roasted a man in a minute or two, and the atmosphere now has the pleasant warmth of a June day. The hot water also drives pneumatic drills and boring machines, so that it helps to dig the tunnel as well.

### World Strangeness.

Strange the world about me lies,  
And yet familiar grows;  
Still disturbs me with surprise,  
Haunts me like a face half known.

In this house with stony dome,  
Floored with gemlike plains and seas,  
Shall I never feel at home,  
Never wholly be at ease?

On from room to room I stray,  
Yet my host can never espy,  
And I know not to this day  
Whether guest or captive I.

So, between the stony dome  
And the gemlike plains and seas,  
I have never felt at home,  
Never wholly been at ease.

—William Watson.

### Wise Husband

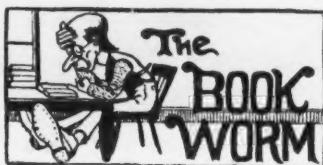
Suggested a Food Cure.

All of the medical skill in the world is powerless to cure certain diseases unless the patient is put upon pure, scientific food. Then the disease seems to cure itself in many cases, proving that nature was demanding proper food to build a healthy body from.

In this simple way the use of Grape-Nuts in place of bad food has worked many cures when medical skill has been exhausted. A lady of Plainfield, N.J., who had been an invalid for over ten years, says: "I have been treated by eminent physicians of New York, Brooklyn and Newark, besides taking innumerable proprietary remedies of a cathartic nature to regulate the bowels."

"My last physician advised a sanitarium, but my husband, who had been reading one of your articles, said, 'Not until we have tried the boasted virtues of Grape-Nuts.' So we got some, and I have now used Grape-Nuts for eight months. When I began its use I weighed 85 pounds, now I weigh 105.2; my stomach has grown strong and normal, my bowels are so regular that I have thrown cathartic physic to the dogs, the vertigo has left me and my whole system has gained vigor and tone. I can now take a 25-mile ride on my bicycle and enjoy it."

I am convinced that the chief cause of my ill-health was improper food that neither digested nor nourished. Since I have been fed right I feel right." Name furnished by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.



### NE expects something from Mrs. Humphry Ward, and one is not disappointed.

The publication in book form of her latest serial is resultant in a treat of considerable flavor and subtlety to the general reading public. Briefly, the plot is this: Lady Rose, daughter of Lord Lackington, marries unhappily and deserts her husband for a picturesque consumptive, Marriott Dalrymple. The heroine of Mrs. Ward's tale is their daughter, who, left an orphan in Bruges in poor circumstances, is aided by Lord Lackington, her maternal grandfather, on condition she never seeks anything more than her small pension from him or annoys him in any way. The child takes the name of her old governess, Le Breton, and is known as Julie Le Breton. A certain wonderful old society leader of London goes to Surrey for her holiday, meets Julie, who is with some English girls who were being educated at Bruges and brought her home with them. Lady Henry is rather blind, very exacting, and in a way, a kind of a tyrant. She says: "I was lured, then and there, old bird as I am. I was first struck with the girl's appearance—'une belle laide' with every movement just as it ought to be!" The fascination ended in an engagement, and the engagement developed the fact that Julie Le Breton was a power, underhand and luxury-loving, keen, resentful, submissive, deceiving Lady Henry, being found out by that astute dame, and finally dismissed with contempt. The episode of the supper and what led to her dismissal is one of the touches of fine comedy in the book. Lady Henry had been long ago told by Julie Le Breton of her relationship to Lord Lackington, who was one of the habitués of Lady Henry's "salon." On her dismissal an impulsive little duchess, niece of Lady Henry, takes her home and makes the duke lend her a furnished house, "that little place at the back of Curzon street, where cousin Mary Leicester lived so long," and the duke, "vowing he would never consent, consented." There Julie and her court are established, and there develops her sorry infatuation for Captain Warkworth, who is engaged to another granddaughter of Lord Lackington in India. There is an army of grandees, a campaign of scheming, and a failure of Julie's effort to attach Lady Henry's circle to herself. A small bodyguard of men and one woman do remain faithful, but society sticks to the aunt of dukes rather than their illegitimate granddaughter. Julie intrigues for Captain Warkworth's advancement, and refuses an offer of marriage from Jacob Delafeld, her presumptive of the Dukedom of Chudleigh, a dreamer, a socialist, and an awful bore to boot. Warkworth persuades Julie to spend the last two days before he sets out for Africa with him in a sylvan retreat in France, "a lovely green quiet spot. With your poetical ideas, Julie, you would delight in it. Two days, wandering in the woods together. Then I put you into the train for Brussels and I go my way. But to all eternity, Julie, those days will have been ours." It is so old, so banal, so vulgar a proposition, but Julie is madly loving, wildly jealous of that child in India, and "he waited, till his strained sense caught the murmured words which conveyed to him the madness and the astonishment of victory." However, there's many a slip, and Jacob Delafeld interfered in this precious arrangement with a chance meeting of Julie in Paris, a suspicion, and a telegram from the little duchess's advancement, and she was dying and would see Julie. That climax journey back to London is the first of Julie's punishment. Warkworth goes to Africa, dies of fever, and Julie and his intended meet in Switzerland, where she is honeymooning as the nominal and legal wife of Jacob Delafeld, urged thereto by Lord Lackington in his last hour, and pursued by Jacob afterwards until she yields. They are married, but live apart. The latter part of the story deals with the gradual hypnotizing of the wife-in-name, and her final assurance to her erratic spouse that she adores him. "Their eyes met; from her face shone a revelation, a beauty that enraptured them both. Delafeld held on his knees beside her, and laid his head upon her breast. The exquisite gesture with which she folded her arms about him told her inmost thought. At last he needed her, and the dear knowledge filled and tamed her heart." And so ends the book and Julie is a duchess. Mrs. Ward depicts the life of up-to-date London in an interesting manner. She describes plenty of men admirably. The debonair Lord Lackington; the selfish beast, with his graceful, well set-up, soldierly figure and sunny hair, Warkworth; the conventional, church-going young duke, who is managed by the dear little duchess; the political leader, Montessor, the literary Meredith and the mystical Delafeld. There are all sorts of political mix-ups, wire-pulling and clashing wills and interests. It's a book no one will find dull—until after they've read it. The Bain Book Store have it on their counter.

An interesting story is written by Mrs. Wishaw called "The Diamond of Evil." The theme is an old one, namely, the stealing of a diamond from an Indian god and the subsequent evil fortune attending upon all those concerned. The story is in two divisions. The first consists of the adventures, in memoir form, of Joe Wright, one of the four who stole the jewel, while the second part is told in the first person by Charles Adams. Joe Wright, an old soldier, is killed in a brush with the Matafeles, but before dying bequeaths his secretions and a cryptogram to Adams, which is to direct the one who can read it to the hidden diamond. After Joe's death there is only one of the original four left living—Jake Daws, the most unscrupulous villain of the lot, who is still hunting for the lost gem. Adams settles down in Rhodesia with a partner. One day, on being called for in haste by a young girl to save her father, a "god" on whom the people had turned on account of his utter depravity, he finds the fallen "god" to be Jake Daws. Adams marries Jake's daughter Nell, and lets Jake go to England in search of the diamond rather than have him around, giving him six months' start of himself. Before the end of the year he has deciphered the cryp-

togram, and, on arriving in England, goes straight to the place. Jake follows him, however, and manages to get him out of the way while he makes an attempt to get the treasure out. The dread fatality of the thing overtakes him, though, and he, too, dies, leaving the diamond for Adams to find. Eventually it is lost at sea on its way back to the temple from which it had been stolen—only the insurance, £5,000, being left to the finder. The confessions of Joe Wright are very interesting, and the whole story is told in a very pleasant manner, with no wandering away from the point. It is not a very long story and will appeal to lovers of adventure. It is brought out by Long's Colonial Library.

A collection of Zangwill's stories make a very readable volume, called, from the name of the first tale, "The Gray Wig." This is a little study of old age and poverty in Paris, very well done. The other tales range from murder mysteries to gay little sketches. A very neat account of the conflict of an ideal with the real thing, in the mind of a young composer, is given in the story "Merely Mary Ann," which would be better for an elimination of much talk. "Merely Mary Ann" is better than it looks at a first glance. It is deeply interesting. The Macmillan Company of New York have brought out this volume.

The following were the six best selling books, in order of demand, during the month of March, as reported by the Bain Book and Stationery Company: 1, "The Pit," Norris; 2, "Love, Mary," Rice; 3, "Garden of Lies," Forman; 4, "The Circle," Thurston; 5, "Moth and Rust," Chalmers; 6, "Mrs. Wiggs," etc., Hegar-Rice.

The "Courier" of Copper Cliff has published a very handsome anniversary number, containing numerous half-tone views of this great mining center and its social, religious and industrial institutions. The descriptive matter is well written, and the whole production one creditable to Canadian journalism. Mr. J. J. Pratt is editor and proprietor of the "Courier."

### Spooks and Their Clothes.

IN a Berlin spiritualistic trial that has furnished much entertaining "copy" to the newspapers, one of the witnesses testified to having seen the Reformer Zwingli standing over the engraved medium, and gesticulating in harmony with her utterances. The witness did not know, he told the president, when or where Zwingli lived, or who he was, except that he was a Reformer; but he "recognized his features distinctly." The "spook" was "a corpulent man with a mass of hair," arrayed in "a summer jacket suit." This is quite the last get-up in which a contemporary and fellow-laborer of Luther might be expected to present himself to a latter-day audience, suggests Henry Labouchere. One could easily think of John the Baptist reappearing in a suit of diaphanous, perhaps after all it was only some Schmidt or Schneider who died last year at Hamburg or Frankfurt.

But whether it was Schmidt, or Zwingli, or John the Baptist, the summer jacket suit raises a question which spiritualists of all schools ought to face frankly. I had a very interesting letter bearing upon it a few days ago. The writer dealt with "spooks" or ghosts at large, and wanted to know where they get their clothes. He pointed out that in all ages they have appeared in chains that clanked and silks that rustled, whereas in the vast majority of cases they have been buried in simple winding-sheets. Hamlet's father, for instance, was doubtless interred in the usual fashion, whereas there he was on the ramparts, armed cap-a-pie. Even if you assume that the spirit might reconstruct some possible semblance of his more or less decomposed fleshly tenement, he could not borrow a suit of armor which was probably at the same time mounted on a stand, somewhere in the precincts of the palace. The same problem presents itself in the case of all spooks. Do they manufacture a new suit of ghostly clothing for each appearance in public? Or are there in the spook world (this is my correspondent's suggestion) second-hand clothing depots, where a spirit desirous of materializing can obtain at the shortest notice a gentlemanly outfit suitable to any epoch or rank of life—just as he could, when living, at Nathan's or Alia's? The evidence from Berlin about Zwingli obviously supports the latter theory. The only plausible explanation, to my mind, of the Reformer's summer jacket suit, is that he wanted a costume in a hurry, and had to take anything that would fit—apparently something that had been worn last at Margate or Monte Carlo. Having an insatiable thirst for occult knowledge, I should like to know more about this.

### Did Burns Write "Comin' thro' the Rye?"

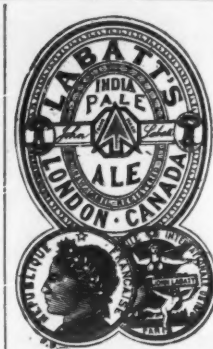
London "Truth."

Mr. Carruthers Gould, in his clever caricature concerning a recent election which resulted in the Liberal candidate "Comin' Thro' the Rye," has, I see, adopted the reading that the "Rye" was a cornfield. It has generally been understood that the Rye referred to was the rivulet in Ayrshire where Burns and his boy friends teased the girls who were wading through the stream, and their skirts tucked up, the damsels preferring to be kissed rather than to allow their petticoats to drop into the water. But,

### A Bad Sign.



Wife—What's the matter?  
Proprietor—A man came in and asked whether I had any good pie, so I merely pointed to the sign.  
"What then?"  
"Why, he took shortcake."—Life.



### PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

BUFFALO

## GOLD MEDAL

AWARDED

## LABATT'S ALE and PORTER

SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

## WARMTH

Heat Up—Tonify

Strengthen both nerves and muscles by a wineglassful of

## BYRRH TONIC WINE

Pure Grape Juice and Choicest Bitters.

Ask Your Wine Dealer or Druggist.

HUDON, HEBERT & CO., : MONTREAL, : AGENTS.

## VIN MARIANI

ENRICHES AND PURIFIES THE BLOOD



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BROADWAY AND 63rd STREET, N.Y. CITY

TELEPHONE IN EVERY ROOM

Rooms \$1.00 per Day and Upwards

From Grand Central station take cars marked "Broadway to Fort Lee Ferry" and reach Hotel Empire in seven minutes.

The restaurant of the Empire is noted for the excellence of its cuisine, its efficient service and moderate prices.

A fine library of the Empire has long been the favorite resort for tourists visiting our guests.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS EVERY EVENING

Within ten minutes of amusement and shopping centers. The Empire is the headquarters of the Canadian Society of New York.

Send for booklet.

W. Johnson Quinn, Prop.

although the fact is little known, there is authority for Mr. Gould's reading, at any rate if the lines scratched on a pane of glass at Mauchline be genuinely by Burns. They run:

"Gin a body kiss a body comin' through the grain,  
Need a body grudge a body what's a body's ain."

When, however, the song was first heard in London at a pantomime in 1795, it began, "If a body meet a body going to the fair." But, although I should not like to say so in the presence of a Scotsman, there has always, I fancy, been a doubt whether the lines are by Burns at all.

### Where they Missed it.

It was their first baby.  
The young mother was in a perfect rapture.

It was an ugly baby, but she did not know it.

Happy young mother.

All of them are like her.

But the father had dark misgivings.

His salary was only two-ten a week, and babies are expensive luxuries.

Her father was rich, but he had frowned upon their union, and had heterodox and heretical notions as to supporting a son-in-law besides.

Cruel old man.

One day, when the baby was about a month old, the father came home from his desk in the city and found his wife radiant.

She was not happy when the baby was out of her sight.

"What is it, Jennie?" asked her husband gloomily, for he was yet uncertain as to the blessings conferred by the baby.

He was also sleepy.

"Oh, Charlie," she chirruped, "I heard from papa to-day."

Charlie looked gloomier than ever.

"Don't say anything, dear," she pleaded, for she knew her husband's opinion of her father. "He has heard of our

### Our \$5.00 Boot



## Jno. Kelly

ROCHESTER

Makes this line for us—it is made of No. 1 Vici Kid, Patent Tip, Full Louis Heel—it is lasted perfectly and fits like a glove. All sizes in two widths.

## THE St. Leger Shoe Co.

4 Stores (110, 210 Yonge St.) Toronto

## Corticelli Home Needle-work Magazine

## THE FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR

Both publications will be sent one year for...

**\$1.00**

Resides a handsome Collar or Doily free.

The second quarter of Corticelli Home Needle-work for 1903 is now being mailed to subscribers. Every lady should have this useful magazine on her fancy work table. The above offer gives one the chance of getting the magazine for one year free. Send \$1.00 at once to the Corticelli Silk Co., Box 341, St. John's, P.Q., and get the magazine and the Weekly Star for one year for only \$1.00, with a handsome collar or doily free.

baby, and though he has not yet determined to forgive us, he has sent us a cheque for fifty pounds for dear baby's sake."

At first the young husband's face lit up with pleasure, then it shadowed again.

"Aren't you glad, Charlie?" she asked with a quivering lip.

Then he smiled joyfully.

"Yes, darling," he whispered, "but what a pity it wasn't twins."

Buffalo, Detroit or Chicago.

For all the above points the Grand Trunk's International Limited, leaving Toronto at 4.50 p.m. daily, will be found the quickest and best train. Cafe Parlor Cars are carried to Buffalo and Detroit, serving meals and refreshments "a la carte." There is also a through Pullman Sleeper to Chicago. The "Flyer" arrives Buffalo 8.20 p.m., Detroit 9.30 p.m., and Chicago 7.20 a.m. Reservations, tickets, at city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

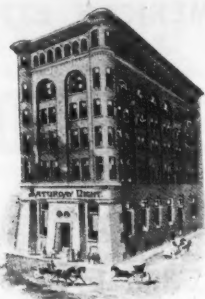
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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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# DRAMA

THE managers of Toronto theaters surely ought to get together under some arrangement which would prevent in future a recurrence of what has occurred this week, namely, the presentation of musical shows in all the theaters in town. Granting that the performances have been pleasing—and they have—it looks like short-sighted management in view of the thousands of holiday visitors in the city during Easter week, that there should be no choice outside of comic and grand opera, particularly on the very eve of a great musical festival which will appeal with special force to the local public. There must be a great host of people here from outside points who would have welcomed the opportunity to see a good drama. A great deal can be said against the Theatrical Syndicate, but one thing to its credit is that it has sought to minimize the sort of competition of which we have had an example in Toronto's theaters this week. An application of its methods to the local field, to the extent of preventing the booking of so many musical shows for the same dates, would be an advantage.

There has been inexcusable overcrowding in some of the theaters this week. The greed of managers, which permits aisles and entrances to be crowded and blocked by standers, ought to be checked by some means. There is a law against this sort of thing, but like a great many laws it is ignored in Toronto, and both in churches and places of amusement lives are frequently permitted to be endangered, without protest from either the public or the officers of the law. In this connection I am convinced that some of these places have not sufficient means of egress in case of fire, notwithstanding the annual reports of the City Commissioner's department, according to which everything is perfectly safe. Let anyone take the time required to empty some of the theaters of their crowds on an ordinary night, under favorable conditions, and then imagine what would happen in case of fire, with a panic-stricken mob seeking escape. Of course there are extra exits, intended for use in emergency, and not thrown open on ordinary occasions. But these are mostly so placed as to be virtually useless, and I should very much like to know whether they are usually kept locked or unlocked.

The season of opera at Shea's is evidently going to "catch on." The crowds this week have been enormous, and everybody has gone away satisfied. "The Serenade" was a happy selection for the initial bill. It is one of the most pleasing of recent light operas and was nicely sung by the company. To have the opportunity of hearing a great many favorite operas at such moderate prices will be a boon to many theatergoers, and Mr. Shea's enterprise is deserving of hearty commendation and support.

"The Princess Chic" as a drawing card, has scarcely a peer among light operas. All week at the Grand it has played to capacity, though to Toronto theatergoers it is an "old, old story." Mr. Joseph Miron, he of the immense voice and capacious smile, is, as usual, the prime favorite. Miss Vera Michels makes an acceptable if not magnetic Princess Chic, and the other principals are capable and very much the same as in last year's company. The chorus, by the way, shows some evidences of an economizing policy on the part of the management.

At the Princess Theater the Gordon-Shay Grand Opera Company began the week badly by cancelling the first performance owing to the failure of the orchestra conductor to make connections for Monday night. This, with the bad weather on Tuesday evening, gave the engagement a rather poor start. The company is a fairly competent organization and gives as good a presentation of grand opera in English as one can expect at the prices. But the orchestra is entirely inadequate and poorly balanced. If the instrumental music had equalled the efforts of the vocalists the performances would have been easily a hundred per cent. better than they have been.

LANCER.

Next week will witness the first presentation in this city of "Lord Strathmore," a dramatization of Ouida's novel, "Strathmore." The play will be given at the Grand Opera House.

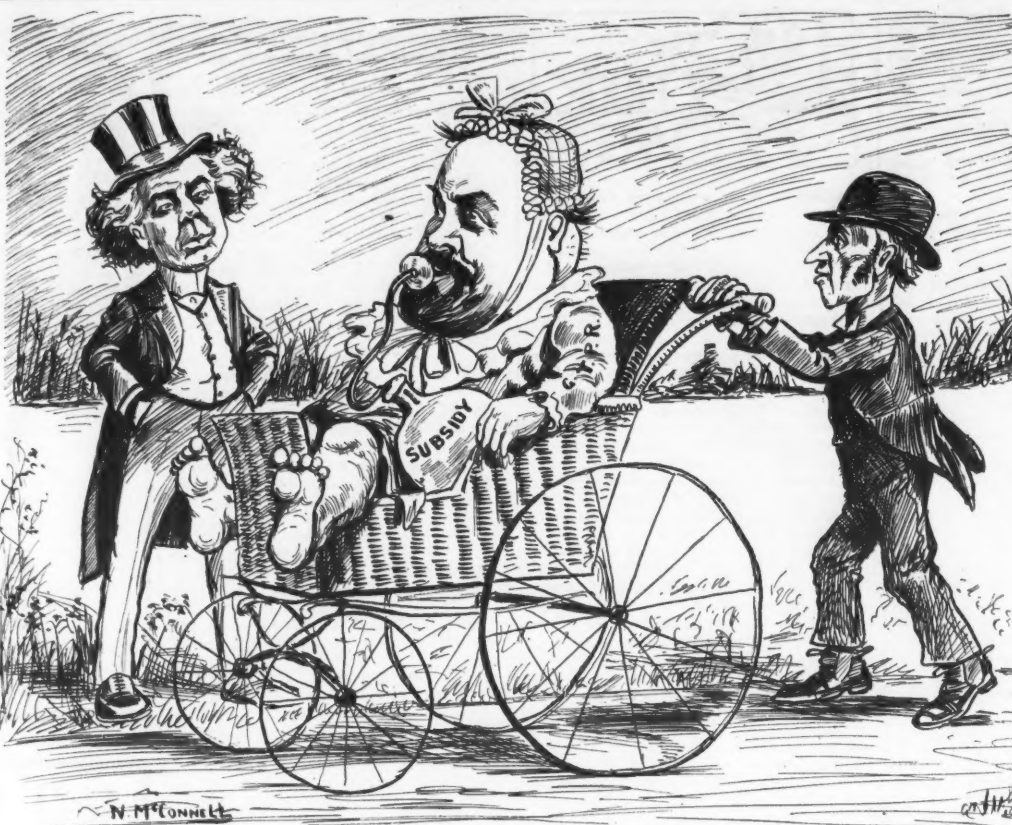
W. B. Hurst's Biblical drama, "The Holy City," with Miss Iva Merlyn as Mary Magdalene, is booked for the Princess Theater for the week of April 27th.

"Rob Roy" is announced as the attraction at Shea's Theater next week.

### The Oriental Epidemic in Comic Opera.

THERE is an Oriental epidemic over the men who make comic operas, musical comedies, and such vehicles of laughter—and sometimes of lamentation—writes the Matinee Girl. All you need to concoct one is a sufficiency of Eastern vagueness as to locality and time that will admit the introduction of any old thing in the way of costume, a trick elephant, tropical scenery, and chocolate colored natives. Everything goes just as, in an Oriental divan in a Harlem flat, you find the Occident up against the Orient and cowboys' lariats hung over Sheikh's head dresses. There is a great scope in the art of the Orient, as we see it in America. Everything goes if you can get a few palm trees and a red hot tropic sun in the background. The language may be cockneyesque and the jokes New Yorkese, but you can't very well object to the dresses, for there is always a scenic abandon about the modern musical comedy when it is Oriental. The humorous potentate may come in purple and ermine or in white satin, just as the author prefers, and the leading woman can be attired in Grecian draperies or a trolleuse suit. It doesn't matter. The long-suffering Orient stands for it all.

Surely there must be some ground upon which to base an operetta besides the overworked East. The truth is, we are so tired of it that the picture of a camel on a cigarette case gives one a feeling of nausea. The glories of Oriental opera began to dawn upon us in the long dead past when Francis



GETTING THAT TIRED FEELING.

Old Man Canada (who has pushed the baby carriage long enough)—Don't you think, Sir Wilfrid, it's about time this kid got out and walked?

Wilson and De Wolf Hopper first made them funny. Since then there has been an endless circus procession down the pike, fans waving, lanterns gleaming, spangles shining, legs twinkling, and there has been a trick elephant now and then just to encourage the game.

But there is a limit to everything, and the comedy of the opera of the Orient is played out. We must search anew in other fields—or at home, as Gilbert and Sullivan did—and take our Americanized Orientalism to the woods for a rest. It has ceased to be anything but a bore, and no matter how we play about the scenic theme, we always come back to the entrance march, the humorous monarch and the foolish Prime Minister—situations that Wilson and Hopper and Kline and Digby Bell played with so long ago that they have become worn-out toys.

The Orient is the chestnut of comic opera. The most artistically successful of the comedy operas that have been done within recent seasons have been made without the rich spices of the East in their lines and music. . . . We have reached the end of the Oriental rope and we must have our musical comedies without peacock feather trimming. We have been surfeited with the atmosphere and, like the Russian caviar that comes to us in tin cans by way of Kankakee, its humor is a trifle stale.

### He Did All He Could.

He did all he could to be hearty and strong.  
The trouble he took was surprising;  
But nothing he tried seemed to help him along.  
His weakness was past all disguising.  
He took iron tablets and essence of steel,  
And tonics whose taste was as bad as their smell,  
And pepsin before, and also after each meal,  
Yet he seldom felt well.

He never fed rashly—his diet he'd choose  
By formulae quite scientific.  
A steak or a chop he would sternly refuse,  
But the way he ate food was terrific.  
He gorged on chopped feed and on millet and bran  
And such stuffs sanitarians sell.  
But, in spite of it all, it's a fact that the man  
Hardly ever felt well.

He slept in a draught on a pillowless bed  
That was hard as Gehenna's gate hinges.  
He bathed in ice water, a thing that he said  
Ought to help his rheumatic twinges.  
Also Indian clubs and dumb-bells would he swing  
Until with exhaustion he fell.  
So it seems—does it not?—a remarkable thing  
That he seldom felt well.

—Chicago "Daily News."

### Bird Life in April.

ONE who desires to familiarize himself with the birds will find this an excellent time of year to do so. The busy season for the ornithologist has commenced. Every day brings new arrivals, and one can watch them with no leaves to obstruct the view. What a delight there is in naming old friends and picking out new ones, and the knowledge that week by week new sounds are becoming known to one—new sights—becoming familiar. To hear a whistle in a neighboring field and recognize it as the meadow lark! To see a pair of yellow-brown wings whir past one and name the high-holder! There is a

never-to-be-forgotten charm in feeling the wild heart in one awake to the old kinships with earth and the little brothers of the air.

Numbers of birds are to be seen on an April day, and the open blue above and green grass growing once more beneath the feet are most seductive for a ramble through one of the few primeval thickets that still remain about suburban Toronto. The song-sparrow is everywhere sending his joyous, silvery song into our hearts and telling us that the hepatica is opening its downy buds and the exquisite arbutus is lying under the leaves waiting for us to go in quest of it. We catch a glimpse of vivid blue and a reddish-brown throat, we hear a strain of delicate, plaintive music and know it to be the blue-bird—the incarnation of spring. A phoebe is sending his characteristic note through the trees—he may be easily recognized by his over-proportioned dark head and his tail, which, like that of all fly-catchers, is always in motion, up and down. The number of juncos flitting about may be distinguished by their white tail feathers, which catch one's eye as the bird flies. A downy woodpecker hammers a near tree—he is hunting for larvae, which he hears boring inside the bark. What a judge of lumber he must be, and what secrets of the wood he could tell, for he must have visited many glorious woodlands in his nomadic wanderings. Through Peaceful Valley, past the scented cedars and hemlock trees, runs the stream, its waters flowing to music "like a song with pleasant words." Across the water a kingfisher sends his rattling cry. Flitting about the branches is the tiny, golden-crowned kinglet, the bird one grows to love perhaps best of all, for in the oldest, roughest weather the tinkling tsee-tsee-tsee of his voice is still heard as bright and gay as it is this warm morning.

In the beginning one needs a touch of color or a note to tell what the bird is, but later, if one does not lose faith or love, the bird will become known in a flash, intuitively.

GLADYS BACON.

### Yawcob and His Dog.

And Yawcob, observing his dog Schnitzel, spake unto him as follows: "You was only a tog, but I wish I vas you. Ven you go mit your bed in you shust durn round dree dimes and lay down. Ven I go mit my bed in, I haf to look up der place and vind up der clock and pud der cat out and undress myself and my vrow vakes up and scolds, den der baby vakes up and cries and I haf to vask him mit der house around; den maybe ven I gets myself to bed it is dime to get up vonce more again. Ven you gets up mit your bed you shust stretch yourself, dig your neck a leedle and you vas up. I haf to light der fire and put on der kittle, scrap some mit my vife alretty and git myself breakfast. You blay mit der day all round and haf plenty of fun. I haf to vork all der day round and haf plenty of drubble. Ven you die you vas dead. Ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."

### His Qualifications.

A father came in with his son and asked the editor to give the young man a berth as reporter.  
"Can he do anything?" asked the editor.  
"Of course," replied the father, with supreme confidence: "he'll be just the man to interview members of Parliament."  
"Has he had any experience in that line?"  
The father hesitated a moment.  
"Well, no, not exactly," he answered; "but he used to pump the bellows in a blacksmith's shop."



THE EDUCATIONAL FORCES OF THE PROVINCE INVADE THE CITY.

### Society at the Capital.

DURING the past week there has been a sort of "general post-office" going on in Ottawa, those who have been here for the winter or a few weeks of the season having left for their various homes in time for Easter, and others having arrived to spend the Easter holidays with their relatives or friends. A great many also took advantage of the Easter excursion to New York to spend a few days in that attractive city. Among the latter were Mr. and Miss Coates, Miss McLeod Stewart, Captain Bell, A.D.C., Mr. Rosamund, M.P., the Misses Graham of Hull, Mr. R. G. Meredith, Mr. Soper and Mr. Ahearn, besides many others.

Miss Blackburn has returned from her trip to the Mediterranean, having been gone about six weeks, and others who have come back to the city in the last few days are Mrs. Egan, Mrs. Chamberlin, Mrs. Remon and Miss Thistle, who have had a delightful balmy month in the South. Miss Melvin-Jones, who has been so decidedly popular a guest in Ottawa since the beginning of the season, has returned to her home in Toronto. Miss Helen Cutler left on Thursday for Toronto with her friend, Miss Eva Miles, who has been "wintering" in the Capital, in turn the guest of Mrs. Cutler and Mrs. Burn. Miss Cutler will stay some weeks in Toronto with Mrs. Miles in Russell street. Miss Smart has come from Toronto to spend the Easter holidays with Mrs. J. W. Woods, who, with her husband and family, has just got back from Atlantic City.

On account of Holy Week, the entertainments have been "few and far between" in comparison with those of former weeks, but Easter week is going to make up for the dullness, especially with the "semi-readys," who seem to monopolize the gay events at Christmas and Easter.

Mrs. Gemmill of Cliffside gave an extremely jolly dance for her young people on Easter Monday evening; and as there are so many of the Royal Military College cadets at home for the holidays as well as many from other schools and colleges, it was a great success. On Tuesday evening the young men of the "semi-readys" are giving a dance which is to come off at the Hotel Victoria at Aylmer and, as usual, it is sure to be a success.

The supper-party given by Mr. C. A. E. Harris for his distinguished guest, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, on Wednesday evening, was most delightful, thirty-five of the musical men of the Capital having been honored on the occasion, and all responding to Mr. Harris's kind invitation. A dinner party was also given by the same popular host and Mrs. Harris on the following evening, the invited guests on that occasion being Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, Sir William and Lady Mulock, Sir Elzeir and Lady Taschereau, Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, Senator and Mrs. Kirchoffer, Mr. Justice and Madame Groulx, Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, Mrs. Joseph Pope, Miss Carling, Mrs. William Macdougall and Captain Hughes, A.D.C. The dining-room was a perfect picture, the floral decorations being roses and lilies of the valley. Sir Alexander Mackenzie has expressed himself as being delighted with the success of the choruses in the various cities which he has already visited, and he is sure to be doubly delighted on the 20th and 21st of April, when the Musical Festival is to come off here at the Russell Theater. From Ottawa, Sir Alexander Mackenzie went to Toronto, and thence he will proceed on his tour to Hamilton and other western cities, returning to Ottawa in time for the Festival, and then to Winnipeg.

On Saturday afternoon Lady Minto gave an Easter egg party for her small son, Hon. Esmond Elliot, to which she invited about eighty little tots, none being over eight years of age, with their parents. Lady Minto received her guests on the lawn at Government House, and after all had arrived each little one was given a small basket and the egg hunt began. Colored eggs were hidden away in straw nests in different parts of the grounds, and great excitement prevailed for a time as to who should find the largest number. Then, the hunt being over, everyone went into the ball-room, where a sumptuous tea awaited the children, the tables being prettily decorated with the different Easter emblems. Trays laden with Easter toys were handed round after the repast was over, and at six o'clock all went home, everyone having spent a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon, each child made happy with a pretty toy as a memento of the pleasant occasion.

Miss Lillah Rankine of St. John, N.B., is the guest of Mrs. W. S. Fielding, who was the hostess at a tea for the "outs" on Saturday in her honor. Miss Elsie Cotton and Miss Marjorie Blair poured tea for Mrs. Fielding, and as it was a perfectly glorious spring afternoon all the young people responded to Mrs. Fielding's invitation, nearly all having first gone to the matinee of "Florodora."

Mrs. A. G. Blair's tea on Tuesday was one of the few entertainments of the week, and was very largely attended, not many seasonal visitors being there, however, as so many have taken advantage of the holidays to take a run home for Easter. An orchestra discoursed sweet music during the afternoon, which was much appreciated.

Mrs. Cockburn Clewov gave a children's party on Easter Monday for the two little daughters of her friend, Mrs. Harry Ward of Port Hope, the Misses Leslie and Madeline Ward. The Misses Clewov also entertained at a young people's luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Miss Pipes of Amherst, N.S.

An innovation in the way of entertaining will be made by Mrs. Harry Ward on Wednesday, when she will be the hostess at a breakfast party, but as long as the invitations are not for too early an hour, I am sure it will be a very welcome change.

The Ottawa Harriers had two most successful runs, one on Saturday, which covered a course of about ten miles, and a second on Easter Monday, covering over twelve miles. On the latter day Captain Bell, the president of the club, entertained them to a most enjoyable dinner at Satchell's Hotel at Aylmer before the chase began. On both days the weather was all that could be desired, and it was decided by all that the run on Monday was the best so far this season, much amusement being caused by the series of duckings received by various members of the pack in a small stream on the road to Chelsea.

Mrs. Louis K. Jones, who has been suffering from a severe cold for some time past, has gone to St. Catharines, the Caribad of America, to try the mineral baths, which have now become so famous all over Canada and the States. Mrs. H. McGivern has also left for the same place, and both expect to be absent for a week or so. Mrs. Newell Bate has just returned from paying a short visit to St. Catharines, which is her old home.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, April 14.

### Florida Pineapples.

No one in the North ever knows what a pineapple really is until he goes to Florida and tastes a pineapple that has been thoroughly ripened on the plant, says "Country Life." The pineapples of the Northern markets are practically all one variety, the chief merit of which is that you can ship it anywhere. What the Ben Davis is to the apple the Red Spanish is to the pineapple. Both are good to sell, but not to eat. Even a Red Spanish, however, is good when you taste it in the tropics. The Northern visitor to Florida expects to find all the tropical fruits of better flavor than anything he has been used to, but in the case of the pineapple the added sweetness is out of all proportion to the others. In fact, a ripe pineapple in Florida is delicious beyond all expression. The Northerner in Florida "discovers" the pineapple and becomes enthusiastic at once. He must go right off and see how they are grown, and when he sees the first plantation he usually wants to invest in pineapple growing without waiting another minute.

### Barnum's "Happy Family."

P. T. Barnum and his wife were very fond of the gifted sisters, Alice and Phoebe Cary, who often visited them at Bridgeport. To a friend the famous showman once remarked: "Alice was the more thoughtful, while Phoebe was always bubbling over with good spirits and wit. I never knew a brighter woman. One day I was taking her and some friends through my museum. At the head of the stairs was the cage containing 'The Happy Family,' which included owls, cats, mice, serpents, and other creatures generally mortal enemies, but all living in perfect harmony, mainly because we kept them so stuffed with food that they had no temptation to prey upon one another. The cage stood directly at the head of the stairs, and just as we reached the top a big serpent stretched its head toward Phoebe. Forgetting the glass thickness that separated them, she was so startled that she uttered a scream, and would have fallen backward down the steps had I not caught her. Looking up to me, she said: 'Thank you, Mr. Barnum; but remember that I am not the first woman that the serpent has caused to fall!'"



# CLUB LIFE IN TORONTO.

Something About the Social, Political and Athletic Clubs and Club-Houses.

## S.-TORONTO CANOE CLUB.

THE largest canoe club in the world—for that is what the T.C.C. is conceded to be—can be traced back to a small and humble beginning. It was on the 20th of December, 1880, that a half dozen young men, enthusiastic devotees of the then novel sailing canoe, met at the Rossin House, that birthplace of so many successful organizations, and formed what has ever since been known as the Toronto Canoe Club. Four of the moving spirits of the new club were the late J. W. Bridgeman, who was also the club's first commodore, Mr. Robert Tyson, Mr. F. M. Nicholson and Mr. Hugh Neilson. At that time there were exceedingly few canoes on Toronto Bay, and those that were used were of the open type, while it was the aim of those who organized the T.C.C. to introduce and popularize the sailing canoe, of the merits of which Mr. John McGregor had written so enthusiastically and so entertainingly as to enlist the interest of aquatic sportsmen the world over.

The membership of the T.C.C. was not a numerous body during the first two or three years of its existence. Still, the new club was always a healthy youngster and enjoyed a steady if not rapid growth, till presently its friends and parents were astonished one day to find that it had become too big for its garments and must have more room to kick and grow. Therefore a move was made from the small apartment in John Clindinning's boathouse at the foot of Lawrence street, which held six canoes and was the club's first quarters, to a building adjoining, which would hold eighteen canoes, and which was built by Mr. Clindinning specially for the accommodation of the club.

A few years later the ever extending interest in canoeing as both sport and exercise, as reflected in the club's growing membership, again necessitated the seeking of a larger home. A joint stock company was organized amongst members of the club and erected a commodious building on the water-front opposite the Union Station. Here there was storage space for fifty canoes, besides club-rooms, lockers, etc. But the club was not destined to remain long in this home. The C.P.R. required the land and bought out the joint stock company. Then Mr. Thomas G. Elgie built the present club-house and it has since been the headquarters of the T.C.C.—the club now owning the building and possessing a leasehold of the land.

When it is stated that the Toronto Canoe Club is the largest organization of its kind in the world, the claim seems a large one, but it is according to the book. Outside of America the canoe has comparatively little vogue, and in the United States, amongst the numerous canoeing clubs, there



Secretary Moody.

is not one with a membership of 485, soon to be increased probably to over 500. The individual members own about 250 canoes, besides racing and pleasure craft owned by the club. There is a flourishing dinghy section, with twenty sailing craft of this class. The club numbers on its roll many of the most prominent business men of Toronto. It is incorporated under a special act of the Legislature of Ontario, passed last year. Its remarkably successful career as a combined social and sporting club is attributed in large measure to the fact that intoxicating liquor has always been under the ban on its premises, that no gambling of any sort has been tolerated, and that the aquatic sports to which the club is devoted have always been cultivated by it in a purely amateur spirit. Amateur in the strictest sense the sports of the T.C.C. have always been kept—no not even the expenses of racing men in outside regattas being paid. Every man competes for honors on his own individual behalf, footing his own hotel, traveling and incidental expenses, even to paying his entrance fees to all competitions.

Besides cultivating aquatic sport, the T.C.C. has at times branched out in other directions with gratifying results. In 1901 the club possessed a hockey team which showed up well on the ice and did itself no dishonor. Some of the best whist players in Canada to-day learned the game at the T.C.C. in days gone by, and the Toronto Whist Club is really an offshoot of the Canoe Club. With the advent of ping-pong this diversion (or fad, as some call it) was taken up most enthusiastically, and interesting contests have been held from time to time.

The club is entirely self-sustaining, and it is not recorded that any annual statement ever showed a deficit. The membership, large as it is, is, however, not so large as it might be—many applications having to be rejected for various reasons, and it is not unlikely that a definite limit will soon be fixed; otherwise the membership would altogether outstrip the available accommodation.

The T.C.C. is unique among the clubs of the city for the amount of social entertaining which it does in the course of a year. The card and ping-pong parties, smokers, suppers, dinners, musicales, etc., during the winter months keep up an unflagging interest, when aquatic sports are perforce in abeyance. This year, from January 1st to April 25th, there will have been no fewer than twenty-six social events for members or members and their lady friends.

As early as 1882 representatives of the T.C.C. acquitted themselves with distinguished success at the meet of the American Canoe Association at Lake George, winning several flags, and from that time to the present there has been a truly wonderful record of victories to the credit of the club and its members. Mr. M. F. Johnson, one of the earliest members, was champion paddler of America in 1884-'85. Mr. Hugh Neilson, a founder and early commodore of the T.C.C., won the unlimited sailing race at the Stony Lake meet of the American Canoe Association. There has never been a meet of the A.C.A. since 1881 at which Toronto was not represented by one or more members of the T.C.C.

Some recent winnings may be mentioned. In 1901 at the



TORONTO CANOE CLUB.

(Representatives to Boston Sportsmen's Show, March, 1902.)

In the upper row from left to right are Messrs. A. Nichol (stroke), J. J. Vaughan, R. N. Brown, E. H. Richards, W. G. Galloway, in the second row, Messrs. E. Nichol, G. B. Kelsey (secretary Regatta Committee), H. Begg (manager), J. A. Muirhead, H. Brent; in the lower row, Messrs. P. J. Syms and G. W. Begg (captain). In this group are three of the present officers of the club, viz., Messrs. Muirhead (vice-commodore), Syms (rear-commodore) and Brown (treasurer).

Pan-American Exposition, the club made a clean sweep of six championships, as follows: War canoe (half mile), war canoe (one mile), tandem, tilting, double blade, tail-end race. In the same year, at the American Canoe Association's meet at the Thousand Islands, the club's representatives won the war canoe championship (one mile), the singles, tandem and double blade. Last year at the A.C.A. meet at Carleton Place the T.C.C. walked away with the Green Four, and at their own fall regatta the International double-blade Cup, donated some years since by members of the T.C.C. for open competition annually, also fell to the lot of a Toronto paddler.

One of the best friends and earliest members of the T.C.C. is Major J. T. R. Stinson of the Education Department. Another is Major E. Leigh of the Crown Lands Department, and yet a third is Mr. Hugh Neilson, whose pride in the growth and prosperity of the club is excusable inasmuch as he, with Mr. Robert Tyson, was a moving spirit at its very inception. The list of past commodores is the following: 1880-81-82, J. W. Bridgeman; 1883-84, Hugh Neilson; 1885, R. Tyson; 1886, Hugh Neilson; 1887-88, J. L. Kerr; 1889-90, Dr. N. A. Powell; 1891, D. B. Jacques; 1892-93, G. R. Baker; 1894-95, H. R. Tilley; 1896-97, George Wilkie; 1898, C. H. Willson; 1899, T. P. Stewart; 1900, J. H. Watlington; 1901, G. A. Howell; 1902, T. D. Bailey.

The present officers are: Commodore, Edmund E. King, M.D.; Vice-Commodore, J. A. Muirhead; Rear-Commodore, P. J. Syms; Secretary, R. E. A. Moody; Treasurer, R. Norman Brown; Executive Committee, J. G. Ramsey, H. H. Mason, R. McK. Bertram; Property Committee, G. R. Baker (chairman), the Commodore, T. D. Bailey, Harry Ford, C. H. Willson; Regatta Committee, J. A. Muirhead (chairman), W. C. Brent (secretary), J. N. Forrest, J. A. Cooper, J. J. Vaughan; House Committee, P. J. Syms (chairman), A. W. Hutchison (secretary), W. McNabb (racks and lockers), H. Brazier, A. J. Savage; Auditors T. P. Stewart, Thomas Symington.

In Dr. King the club admittedly has a most efficient and devoted commodore—one who, though a very busy man, gives almost unstintingly of his time and energy to the interests of the office he has accepted at the hands of his fellow members. Vice-Commodore Muirhead and Rear-Commodore Syms are likewise energetic and zealous officers. Under the former's direction, the racing section will doubtless give a good account of itself this year, while the latter, as chairman of the House Committee, brings to his difficult task infinite tact and genial bonhomie.

All in all, the future as well as the present of the Toronto Canoe Club seems to be rosy indeed.

## Amusing Morocco's Eccentric Sultan.

WILLIAM THORP, who was a guest of the Sultan of Morocco at Marakesh a few years ago, found Mulay Abdul Aziz a hard ruler to amuse. His Ministers were constantly racking their brains to devise new means of entertainment. "He took me to see his private zoo in the palace grounds," says Mr. Thorp. "and I was rash enough to admire a fine herd of wild boars. 'We'll have them out and chase them about the grounds,' he exclaimed delightedly, overjoyed to have found a new amusement to divert the English stranger. I hardly saw the beauty of the sport. The boars had magnificent white tusks and wicked little eyes. I thought they looked much better behind the bars, but the Sultan, having got the idea, was determined to carry it out. He sent for ponies and spears. Half a dozen of us mounted and the boars were let loose. As they stood stock-still in the courtyard the Sultan rode up and gave one a gentle prick on the shoulder. Instantly it rushed at him, but he swerved his horse aside neatly and gave the beast another prick. We did the same to the rest of the herd, and soon the place was like half a dozen Spanish bull-fights rolled into one. Fortunately, I had played polo, and so knew how to dodge on horseback. My friend was a bad rider, and the boars would have rolled him over and over again if the Sultan had not gone to his rescue. His Majesty was in the thick of the scrimmage all the time, darting over the grounds like a streak of lightning

and showing fine pluck. Luckily, nobody was hurt during the afternoon of pig-sticking, but there were some narrow escapes. "A few evenings later we had a fireworks display. The Sultan had not seen any before, and they tickled him like a child. But Sir Kaid MacLean, a Scottish soldier of fortune, who commands his army, had another scheme to propose. 'Let us have the boars out again,' he said, 'and chase them with lighted squibs.' The Sultan was overjoyed, and the ponies were ordered out, the boars let loose, and we mounted and lighted our squibs. It was the wildest, queerest and most indescribable scene I ever witnessed. Imagine us, yelling like maniacs, riding at a breakneck gallop over the bowlers and ruts, whirling our fireworks over our heads, and chasing those boars around and around the courtyard. It was a miracle we were not all killed. The only person hurt was the Sultan. He held a squib by the wrong end and lighted it in the middle. Naturally, he burned his fingers, and began to think that the game was not such a nice one after all."

## Music as Advertised.

"Come where my love lies dreaming" . . . with illuminated cover.  
"Trust her not!" . . . For fifty cents.  
"I would not live always" . . . without accompaniment.  
"See the Conquering Hero Comes" . . . with full orchestra.  
"When the sun shall set no more" . . . in C.  
"The Tale of the Swordfish" . . . with many scales.  
"After the Ball" . . . For second base.  
"Home, Sweet Home" . . . in one flat.  
—Harvard "Lampoon."

## High-necked Dresses at the Theatre.

London's smart set is very much exercised by Queen Alexandra's initiative in setting the fashion of wearing high-necked dresses at the theatre. It has been noticed for some time that she had abandoned décolleté gowns at the play, but only recently is she said to have spoken to some of her friends on the subject. Anyone who has frequented London theaters can understand what a transformation would be occasioned by the coming into vogue of high-necked dresses. The "dressed-up audience" in the world, was the description of a Continental critic after attending a London theater, but the brightest quip of all is in the melodrama, "A Queen of Society," now running at the London Adelphi. "When I go to this theater," says the queen of society, "I am afraid to look at what is going on, for fear of what is coming off. We are underdressed and overdressed at luncheon, and overfed and underdressed at dinner."

## Fashions in Hair Dye.

"Women are coloring their hair to-day more than they ever did before, but they are not bleaching it," says a well-known hairdresser in the New York "Sun." "Every brown coloring that is used has a tinge of auburn in it, and some women insist on having the auburn predominate for the reason that this touch of red in the hair lights up the skin and eyes, and prettily if it is not overdone. Women who wish to have their hair turned to the actual red shade are many, but we do not encourage this idea, for the unnatural red hair is extremely trying to most faces, and, except upon the stage, under the calcium, it never can pass as a natural growth. The brown shades just touched with red are, on the contrary, very beautiful and impossible to detect. Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Langtry, and others first made this shade of hair fashionable just at

the time when the gold-bleached hair was losing its novelty. The trouble in producing the color of natural red is not in the hair itself, but in the fact that with such hair the skin is always transparent, the eyelashes and brows are an exact match, and even the coloring matter of the eyes is peculiar to this type."

## Bitter and Sweet.

THE Rose-leaf Damsel of sweet seventeen had glided smoothly along in life's gilded barge, happy, careless and fancy-free, without encountering even an adverse wind. Who so frolicsome, so light-hearted, so unfettered as she?

Her first ball seemed Elysium—delirious, intoxicating in its delight, something to dream of, to meditate upon, to remember long.

"Midst her dreams of flowers and light and music, a voice said to her: 'Prithee, sweet maiden, careless, happy and fancy-free, who carries her seventeen years as thistledown and faces winter's cold and snow with youthful vigor and grace, prithee, tell me—one who has battled long with the world and encountered many a storm before reaching safe haven—How much honey is in a kiss, and how much salt in tears?'"

And the Rose-leaf Maiden frowned, and answered haughtily: "Get thee gone. It seemeth that is hardly a fitting question for such as I. The sweets of a kiss or the sad bitterness of tears are to me unknown."

And long, long years went by, and the graceful shoulders of the sylph carried now the weight of seventy years. She bore them well, though the soft golden tresses were snow-white and less abundant, and the forget-me-not eyes a trifle dim, though still beautiful, with a fuller and a tenderer grace. For now, in her life's voyage, she had met both joy and grief.

And once again the voice of long ago came to her in her dreams, and said, "Prithee, tell me, does the sweet of a kiss outweigh the bitterness of tears?"

And she answered: "Ah, yes, truly. But the bitterness of tears is always mixed with sweetness, if only we choose to look for and find it."

Then she said: "The most treasured and tender kiss of my life is preserved in my memory for ever in the brine of tears."

JETNA.

## How He Got Money for the Heathen.

"Many funny contributions are turned into the missionary hopper, but one of the oddest I ever heard of was the offering of a small boy in our Sunday school," said a prominent member of a leading Methodist Church to the New York "Tribune." "The boys in a certain class had been urged to do their utmost to bring in larger contributions to swell the missionary total for the year. One particular youngster, whose parents are very poor, had the month previous given fifteen cents. On the last grand rally day, however, he shamefacedly produced only one cent."

"De game didn't work out," said he, apologetically, to his teacher, of whom he was fond.

"What do you mean by the game not working out?" asked the teacher.

"Well, y' see," said the lad, "last month I kep' my eye skinned for 'crap' games, an' w'en I seen a game on I'd steer a cop into it, an' w'en the cop chased de boys I'd jump in an' get wot's left of de money. Dat's de way I got fifteen cents las' month. But yesterday w'en I puts a cop on to de game de boys grabbed up all de coin before dey lit out—all but one cent. Dat's all I got fur me work, but mebbe I'll have better luck nex' Saturday."

"The narrative was told with absolute sincerity, and the lad apparently never had a qualm of conscience about his method used in gathering up pennies for the heathen."

## The Saying of a Sage.

Of the distinguished authors of Persia none perhaps has enjoyed a wider popularity than Sadi, who lived in the thirteenth century. He was a great traveler and a close observer, and his anecdotes and short stories are described as being founded on his own experiences and observations. In "Persian Poetry for English Readers," Mr. S. Robinson quotes the following from Sadi's writings:

A pupil said to his instructor, "What am I to do, for people incommode me with the frequency of their visits to such a degree that their conversation produces a great distraction of my valuable time?" The teacher replied, "To every one who is poor, lend; and from every one who is rich, borrow. They will not come about you again."

Another example embodies excellent advice. A silly fellow, having a pain in his eyes, went to a farrier and asked him for a remedy. The farrier applied to his eyes something which he would have given to an animal, and it blinded him, upon which an appeal was made to the magistrate. The magistrate said, "This is no case for damages. It is plain that this fellow is an ass, or he would not have gone to a farrier. No man of enlightened understanding will commit weighty matters to one of mean abilities."

## Choosing a Wife by Music.

A German professor proposes to solve the difficulty some people seem to have in choosing a wife by "trial by music." Everything depends on the taste of the subject under study. If she prefers waltz music, and above all Strauss' intoxicating strains, she is certainly frivolous. If she loves Beethoven she is artistic, but not practical. Does she prefer Liszt? Then she is ambitious; while a devotee of Mozart would be rather prudish. Why an admirer of Offenbach should be cunning is not very clear, but remembering the opera of "Faust" it is easy to understand that any girl preferring Gounod must be romantic and tender-hearted. It is hard upon Flotow that because his music is out of fashion a taste for it denotes a vulgar soul; while Gottschalk fares little better, pleasing, according to the German professor, only the superficial. Massenet is supposed to attract the timid; while a devotion to Wagner's music is a distinct proof of egotism. Saint Saens, however, is a composer the admiration for whom denotes a girl of intelligence and well balanced character.

## Exchange of Compliments.

The village sexton, in addition to being gravedigger, acted as a stonecutter, house repairer and furniture remover. The local doctor, having obtained a more lucrative appointment in another county, employed the sexton to assist in his removal.

When it came to settling up accounts the doctor deducted an old contra account due by the sexton. He wrote at the same time, objecting to the charge made for removing his furniture.

"If this was steady, it would pay much better than gravedigging."

The sexton replied: "Indade, Oi wud be glad to 'ave a steady job; gravediggin' is very slack since you left."—"Spare Moments."

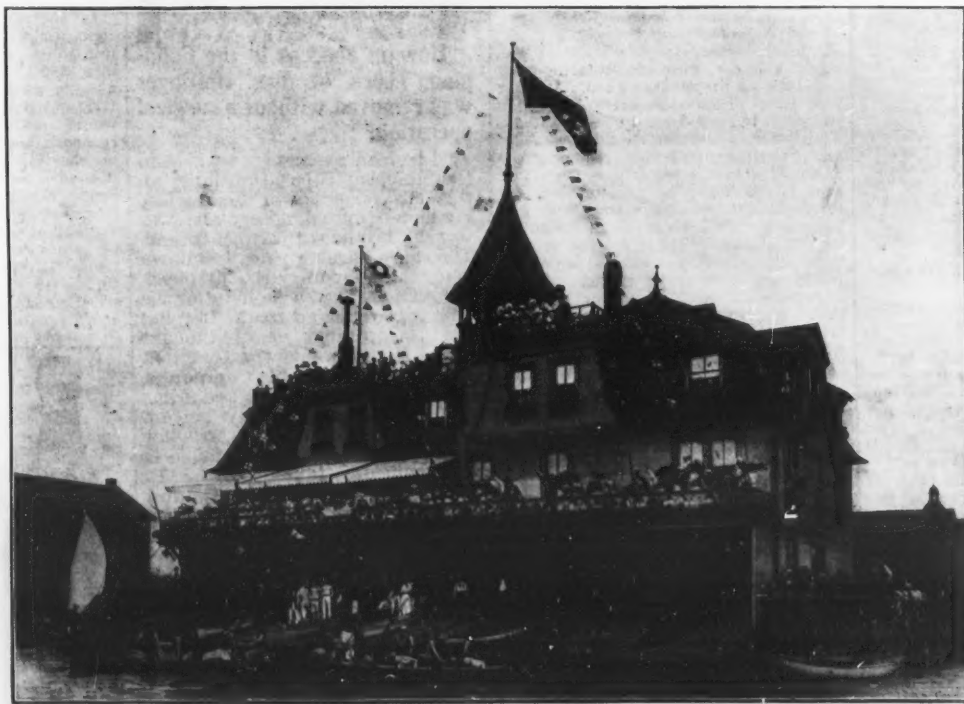
## A Relic.

"I declare," said the old-maid boarder, "I never saw such beautiful Easter eggs. The coloring on them must have been done by professional artists." "The one I just opened," growled the crusty boarder, "might have been painted by one of the old masters."—"Judge."

Mrs. Evergo—I understand that your daughter said I am a gossiping gad-about? Mrs. Stayathome—You mustn't pay any attention to the child. She is for ever repeating what she hears the neighbors saying.

Hewitt—I hear that your servant died recently. Jewett Yes, she's gone to heaven. "How do you know she has gone there?" "If she hadn't gone to a good place she wouldn't stay."

In literature and music, as well as painting, the suggestion of nature and not the counterfeit is the highest aim of the artist. Recognize this and you have taken the first step toward the understanding of art.—John C. Vandyke.



TORONTO CANOE CLUB'S HANDSOME CLUBHOUSE ON THE ESPLANADE.



Mr. George A. Howell, a former Commodore.



## Canada for the Canadians.

But **Hunyadi János**For **CONSTIPATION**

because it is the best Natural Laxative Mineral Water. Its fame for more than a quarter of a century rests on the solid foundation of merit. Leading physicians from Eastern Ontario to Western British Columbia recommend it daily. Half a tumblerful taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

## Anecdotal.

A Yankee tourist who called on Robert Burns's widow, Jean Armour, a few years after his death, had the audacity to ask her: "Can you show me any relics of the poet?" "Sir," answered the old lady, with majestic dignity, "I am the only relic of Robert Burns."

Sir William Kennedy, in his book, "Sport in the Navy," tells the story of a retired boatswain who hired a boy to call him every morning at daybreak with the words, "The captain wants you," merely for the pleasure of saying, "Tell him I won't come," and turning over and going to sleep again.

Among the guests at a dinner in New York given in honor of Daniel Webster was Dr. Benjamin Brandreth, the inventor of a celebrated pill known by his name. A witty guest proposed the following voluntary toast: "To Daniel Webster and Benjamin Brandreth, the pillars of the Constitution."

On a recent day's outing in Westchester County, N.Y., Ernest Haskell, the artist, was painting a bit of the green hillside when a farmer came along, looked at the half-finished water-color, then gazed, much puzzled, at three flat pans containing water which the artist had put on the ground close at hand. Turning away with a look of disgust, he remarked half-aloud: "Homeopath, b'gosh!"

An intimate friend of President Grant said to him one day, "General, my little boy has heard that all great men write poor hands, but he says he believes you are a great man in spite of the fact that you write your signature so plainly that anybody can read it." The President took a card from his pocket, wrote his name on it, and handed it to him. "Give that to your boy," he said, "and tell him it is the signature of a man who is not at all great—but that fact must be kept a secret between him and me."

It is told of Bishop Williams of Connecticut, for many years presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church in America, who lived all his life a bachelor, that he was talking one day with a young man from the West about a tax a Western State was trying to impose on bachelors, the tax to be increased a certain per cent. for every ten years of bachelorhood. "Why, bishop," said the young man, "at your age you would have to pay about \$100 a year." "Well," said the bishop, quietly, and in his old-time vernacular, "it's worth it."

An Irishman, being annoyed by a howling dog in the night, jumped out of bed to dislodge the offender. It was in the month of January, when the snow was two feet deep. As he did not return his wife went out to see what was the matter, and found him in his nightshirt in the middle of the road, with his teeth chattering and the whole of his body almost paralyzed with cold, holding the struggling dog by the tail. "Good gracious, Pat!" said she, "what would ye be after?" "Bhush!" said he, "don't ye see I'm trying to fraze the baste?"

The old Bridewell burying ground, which is now the subject of legislation in the English Parliament, is the resting place of Mm. Creswell, so often mentioned by the Charles II. dramatists, who died in Bridewell Prison, and left £10 for a sermon to be preached at her funeral, on condition that nothing should be said of her but what was well. The preacher got out of the difficulty rather neatly by saying: "All that I shall say of her is this: She was born well, she lived well and she died well; for she was born with the name of Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell and she died in Bridewell."

It has been said of the Southern dandy that he has not always a clear idea as to property rights, but on some points it appears that he is not in the least hazy. An old colored man in the days "befo' de wah" was given one of his master's cast-off hats, which he wore with great pride. One Sunday his master met him coming home from a camp-meeting in a pouring rain, bareheaded and holding his hat under his coat. Later on the master questioned him jocosely: "Why didn't you wear your hat, Jerry? Did you feel the need of cooling your head?" "You see it's like dis, sah," responded Jerry. "My head is yours, but my hat is mine, and natchelly I feels like taking care ob it, sah."

When Lord Beaconsfield was at the height of his fame, one of his most ardent supporters in the House of Commons asked as a signal favor that he might bring his son to Downing street, and that "the greatest man of the age"

The **Book Shop**

May we show you the "proofs" of half a thousand recent

**Wedding Invitations.**

That we prepare so many is surely proof of our good preparation.

WM. TYRRELL & CO.  
8 King St. West.

## Lady Gay's Column

Improper Proper Names. Thoughts at Half-mast. Various Vagaries.

HERE did we get the expression, "proper name," and why doesn't someone see to it that names are "proper" in regard to giving one some idea of the personality of their bearers? The other day I met a six-footer who was introduced to me as Mr. Shortt. That it has two "t's" didn't alter the fact that it made a sort of perpetual practical joke of its owner, which struck me as anything but proper. There is an incongruity in the name of Small when it belongs to a splendidly-formed and massive man or woman, though the latter can always change it, to be sure, and get one more in keeping. The lady who is grizzled and wrinkled and known as Pullet has outgrown all propriety of nomenclature; the man who is the slowest and laziest of created things is known as Dash, and the heavyweight who can scarce get into a Victoria without grunting and wheezing is unkindly labelled Springer. And yet they all call such names "proper," in the face of their absurd and unfeeling impropriety. A moment's thought will suggest a dozen more to anyone, which are much more glaring and impossible than those I have haphazard quoted.

The action of the German Emperor in putting the palace flag at half-mast on Good Friday has called forth a lot of criticism from people here and there. It seemed to me a timely slap on the wrist to many professing Christians who so little realize the significance of the occurrence we commemorate as to make of that sad and touching day a time for excursions, amusements and jollity. I am not by temperament or culture given to gloom; sometimes I flagellate myself because so few things in life seem to be worthy of seriousness, but there is a solemnity about that one day in all the year, a personal and review of its hours, a stirring of deep waters, apart from any church ritual or audible expression, a charm of seriousness and mournfulness that deepens with years and takes on vivid tones. The German Emperor does many things from a good motive in a crude and curious way. It may be the half-masting of his flag was one of these. It would be well with all the world, I believe, if their hearts were moved to do something equivalent, by a love and reverence for and joy in the Perfect Life and sympathy in its episode of suffering in relation to another sphere by which Good Friday's hours are set apart from all the year. It should be more to us than any of the sad anniversaries the most tender-hearted of us observe. The mother who turns over little toys and shoes and picture books, mournfully and wet-eyed, on the day baby went away; the husband who goes quietly to a small green mound and renews his loving tribute and faith to the better half of his life, whose fair body moulders beneath the cold and recalls each loving, tender ministrations, each wise counsel, each sweet word, on the recurrence of that dread day which made an angel and an orphan by the same stroke—anyone who has suffered a poignant bereavement (and who hasn't?) should keep their sacred days of remembrance second to Good Friday. Continued repining and grieving is wrong and hurtful, but occasional remembrance and thought and seclusion, sacred contemplation of what has been, a softening of the heart and a dimming of the eyes, a tender, grateful memory of all the good one has involuntarily absorbed from that Perfect Life, will spread their spiritualizing sweetness over many a sorrowful hour.

The wish to "see corpses as others see us" is a rash one. One sometimes thinks the whole community's asquint when they see things in another we don't see. But gracious! if we could know how they see us! I am led to that paragraph by the curious way some of my readers took up my remarks on "Lady Rose's Daughter" last week. Good Friday's church bells were ringing (you know, as De Wolf Hopper once said, Toronto is the fastest city in America; it has "Saturday Night" at noon Friday), when the telephone chimed in with day bells. A most worldly and peremptory little note it has, that telephone, at all times, when one is in a hot bath, or curling one's back hair, or listening to a state secret, or composing a tricky prevarication, or any of the times one doesn't want interruptions; but it reaches its impudent limit when it chimes in with church bells. Then it's the essence of pert self-assurance. There was a man on the wire who calmly enquired "who it was reminded me of Lady Rose's daughter." I told him what he reminded me of, but he persisted, until I got him to tell me who he thought it was (sometimes you can twist things about like that). I nearly rang off—his response gave me such a shock, for his idea was leagues wide of the mark, and the individual was no more like Julie Le Breton than I am. Another bad case of strabismus! A woman writes to tell me she had often wanted a description of another woman, but never got it until she read those remarks. And I, knowing that other woman body and soul as few know her, realize how my correspondent misunderstands and maligns her. "To see corpses as others see us" God forbid! If it did not give us nervous prostration or suicidal impulse it would bow us to earth with shame that anyone could so idealize our common clay. For equally mistaken are those "others" when they exalt us or pelt us with stones.

I know of no small ordeal more trying than the first visit to a home from which the leading or dearest personality has been taken by death. How the very door as it swings open seems to say, "Just an empty place!" How the familiar chairs seem to hold up arms bereft, searching for the dear form they have so often encircled! How one looks for the pipe or the work-table or the music or the book which the absent one had identified as personal property, and with what infinite pathos each neglected ownerless thing now whispers of the loss of the life that hallowed it. There are homes one cannot bear to spend time in, for the memory of times one has spent, when some kindly or merry or fascinating or holy being dominated the place and delighted the sojourner. There are dear gone friends whose loss one can

would give the boy some wise maxim or word of counsel which might in after years be the treasure and guide of his life. Lord Beaconsfield, old and gouty, groaned, but consented. The proud papa duly produced young hopeful, whom the veteran statesman thus addressed: "My dear young friend, whatever you do in after life, mind that you never ask who wrote the 'Letters of Junius,' or on which side of Whitehall Charles I. was beheaded. For if you do either of those things you will be considered a bore, and that is something too dreadful for you at your tender age to conceive."

The word "furlough" occurred in a reading lesson of a primary grade in one of the public schools, says the Philadelphia "Ledger." The teacher asked if any boy or girl knew the meaning of the word. One small hand was raised who shaken vigorously in the eagerness of the urchin to display his knowledge. When he received permission to speak, he rose, and with the greatest assurance said: "Furlough means a mule." Not a whit disturbed at the teacher's "Oh, no, it doesn't," the small boy confidently answered: "I have the book at home that says so." Then the teacher told him he might bring the book to school and show it to her. The next morning he came armed with the book, and triumphantly showed her the picture of an American soldier astride a mule, under which was printed, "Going home on his furlough."

A characteristic story of the bravery of Hector MacDonald is told in connection with the operations near Suakin and Gemaizah, Egypt, in 1888. During this campaign his regiment had long marches to make, and MacDonald found that the men were becoming mutinous. "Wait till the next fight," he heard one of the dusky Sudanese say, "and I will kill this slave-driver of a colonel. MacDonald, who had learned Arabic so well that it almost gave an accent to his English, called the men out of the ranks. Facing them, he cried: 'Now you are the men who are going to shoot me in the next fight. Why wait so long? Why not do it now? Here I am, shoot me if you dare!' The rebels grounded their arms in sullen silence. 'Why don't you shoot?' asked their colonel. 'Because you don't seem to care whether you die or not,' was the reply, and from that moment MacDonald had his men with him. He had won them body and soul, and they followed him implicitly and devotedly.

## Voice from the Prairies

Tells of the Great Work Done by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Thos. L. Hubbs tells how his Kidney Strain Vanished when he used the great Kidney Remedy.

Kentis, N.W.T., April 13.—(Special).—In this new country where medical attendance is often hard to get the action of special preparations is carefully watched and the results are carefully noted. Consequently, conclusions are arrived at that are of value to the public. And the almost unanimous conclusion is that as a family medicine there is nothing to compare with Dodd's Kidney Pills. As a tonic it has made a name for itself, while its cures of all stages of Kidney Disease from Bright's Disease to Backache might be considered miraculous if their frequency did not make them almost common.

The following story told by Thomas L. Hubbs, a farmer in Indian Head municipality, is one of the many that have given Dodd's Kidney Pills their reputation. "About one year ago," says Mr. Hubbs, "I was thrown from a wagon, causing some strain on my kidneys. I tried several medicines, but could get no relief till I was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. 'Dodd's Kidney Pills' relieved me almost from the start, and by the time I had finished one box my pains were gone. They have not come back either."

## Love's Reckoning.

If you can count the grains of wheat  
That last year's harvest bore  
Or all the restless waves that beat  
Against the ocean shore;

If you can count the flowers of Spring,  
The sands beside the sea,  
How many leaves are quivering  
Upon the aspen tree;

If you can tell night's starry fires  
When heavens are deep and blue,  
Then you can number my desires  
And all my thoughts of you.

## A Slight Error.

He sauntered into the advertisement department of a well-known daily and left an advertisement which read:

"Ten lady typists wanted; state wages. Apply, by letter, to A. B. and Co."

Then he went out, and four days later he came back.

"What's the matter with the paper?" he asked the clerk.

"Nothing that I know of."

"Did you put that ad. of mine in?"

"Of course. Didn't you see it?"

"No, I haven't had time to look it up; but I haven't had a single reply. Are you sure you put it in?"

The clerk got down the file and turned to the "Wants."

"There it is," he said, whirling the paper round so the advertiser could see it. He read it over carefully, and his face lighted up.

"No wonder I didn't get any answers," he said curtly.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the clerk, hauling the paper back again. "Read it," commanded the advertiser, and the clerk read:

"Ten lady typists wanted; state ages. Apply, by letter, to A. B. and Co."

The clerk apologized, made the correction, and next day the advertiser received ninety-nine replies, and they are still coming.

## W.A. Murray &amp; Co. Limited

## About the Style of "Dorothy Dodd" Shoes.

Admitting that a shoe fits you and wears well, do these features embrace all that a woman's nice shoe ought to represent? Most shoes, it is true, wear well enough; some of them fit fairly; but how many shoes do you know of that have style enough to give the feet a well dressed appearance? In my shoe—that is the "Dorothy Dodd"—I claim to have attained the highest degree of style. Women who wear "Dorothy Dodd" shoes say so too.

Prices: Oxfords, \$3.00; Boots, \$3.75

A few special models \$4.00 pair.

*Dorothy Dodd*

## Infants' Dainty Clothes

Lovely Little Dresses for infants' morning wear, of sheer, fine lawn, at \$1.25 to ..... 2.50

Others handsomely trimmed with lace or Swiss embroideries, \$3.00, \$4.00 and up to ..... 5.00

Long Carrying Cloaks of cashmere, Bedford cord and silk and wool mixtures, \$5.00 to ..... 35.00

Lovely bonnets to match, also bonnets of silk, fine lawns and embroideries, \$1.00 to ..... 5.00

House Jackets, Bibs, Booties, everything an infant wears.

## New Muslins for Pretty Curtains

Some of the handsomest Frilled Muslins for Curtains—also

Frilled and Tamboured Muslin Curtains ready to put

up—that you ever saw in our Curtain Department now;

it is worthy of note, too, that the frilling this season can

be laundered easily; this could not be said of the former

style—Gaufréd effects. If you live out of town our Mail

Order Department will send samples of Curtains Muslins

to you. Prices of the Muslins by the yard. 35c. and 45c.

Curtains by the pair ..... 3.50 to 6.50

## W.A. Murray &amp; Co. Limited 17 to 31 King St. East. 10 to 16 Colborne St. Toronto.

bear with calm until one finds their empty home-place and breaks into unforeseen lamentation. No wonder you and I read the first crossing of the threshold where one we love is no more!

"I've lent it to someone and they never returned it," said the little woman with a wrinkle of distress on her brow, as she gave over hunting for a pattern. How many things have you got which don't belong to you? Books you've borrowed (I have a regular circulating library out, goodness knows where!), umbrellas you've been glad enough to get, handkerchiefs carelessly left about your den, pencils, pamphlets—all sorts of odds and ends. I've had a French dictionary fourteen years that I borrowed. The lender has three others and I calmly hang on to the fourth. A pretty little handkerchief has been carefully folded up for over a year to return to a lady; somehow I can't get it to her. Some dozen years ago a famous musician gave me his book of testimonials to read. He forgot to get it back, and I cared for and watched it through several "movings," not sure enough of his address to post it to him. The other day I read of his death in the paper, and breathed a prayer for his soul's repose as I chucked that abominable book into the waste paper-basket. I was so relieved to get rid of it! It seems more than our wills are equal to make a clean sweep of borrowed things, encumbrances, and what not, by simply returning them. We are queer enough people over some things!

LADY GAY.

## England's "Guinea-Pig" Aristocracy.

WE are all "ladies" and "gentlemen" now, but the ladies and gentlemen themselves—the bitter enemies of the latter could not accuse the majority of them of being either the one or the other, says an English journalist. Shop-

keepers sell their goods, "Society" sell their friends! The following advertisements, which are quoted from a well-known London newspaper, bear out the charge:

"A lady of title, moving in the best London society, is prepared to introduce a lady of means. Luxurious home in the West End; carriages kept. Terms must be liberal. The highest references offered and taken. Address Box —"

"A well-known lady, titled, is willing to chaperon a colonial or American lady. Would instruct one unaccustomed to the habits and behavior of good society. Liberal terms required. Address, in confidence, care of —"

"A lady—a member of one of the oldest county families, having a beautiful place in the country, would receive a young lady during the winter months and introduce her to the society of the neighborhood. Good hunting, hospitable country. An unique opportunity."

"A West End dressmaker who desires to extend her connection wishes to meet with a lady, or ladies, who would introduce business. Liberal commission offered. The strictest confidence may be relied upon. Address —"

"An old-established firm of wine merchants (city) is desirous of obtaining West End orders. A high percentage given to ladies or gentlemen introducing business."

"To noblemen or gentlemen of position in society able to influence capital. A large sum wanted by an old-established firm. Genuine concern. Particulars in confidence through —"

"A young lady, rich, desires to spend the season in London, and to be introduced to the best set in society. Would pay handsomely for services rendered. Absolute secrecy guaranteed. Address Box —"

"Our commercial friendships! Not content with selling worthless shares, ill-conducted horses, impure wines and unsmokable cigars, the 'ladies' and 'gentlemen' of the day apparently sell each other to middle-class aspirants for social distinction and to tradesmen! They complain that their servants receive commissions, and accept commissions themselves! Our selling society is a combination of touts for all the trades! That explains, perhaps, why London 'society' has become an object of such general pursuit: it is the only 'gentlemanly' profession left, now that competitive examinations bar the way to appointments and sinecures under the Crown. How popular in the West End should be the well-known hymn as revised by Artemus Ward:

"I want to be an agent,  
And with the agents stand!"

Labouchere on Sir Hector MacDonald.

London "Truth."

In poetry and the drama tragedy is supposed to have a bracing and ennobling effect on the emotions. The tragedies of real life are always painful, frequently sordid, and never anything better. Oedipus himself, off the stage, would only furnish the materials for a coroner's inquest and a sensational line on the bills of the evening papers. So it is with the tragedy that has ended the career of Sir Hector MacDonald; and now that the papers recording the event are out of print, there is no purpose to be gained by dwelling on such a catastrophe. It is said that a disinterested enthusiast has declared his intention of spending £10,000 to clear the unhappy man's reputation. If money could do it,



How an abscess in the Fallopian Tubes of Mrs. Hollinger was removed without a surgical operation.

"I had an abscess in my side in the fallopian tube (the fallopian tube is a connection of the ovaries). I suffered untold misery and was so weak I could scarcely get around. The sharp burning pains low down in my side were terrible. My physician said there was no help for me unless I would go to the hospital and be operated on. I thought before that I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which, fortunately, I did, and it has made me a stout, healthy woman. My advice to all women who suffer with any kind of female trouble is to commence taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once."—MRS. IRA S. HOLLINGER, Stillville, Ohio.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

It would seem by this statement that women would save time and much sickness if they would get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and also write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free and always helps. No other person can give such helpful advice as Mrs. Pinkham to women who are sick.



## BABY'S OWN SOAP

prevents roughness of the skin and chapping.

Best for toilet and nursery use. 038

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MRS. MONTREAL.

## Windsor

Here and there is a grocer who doesn't sell Windsor Salt, but such cases are rare. No grocer anywhere can possibly buy a better salt than "Windsor," in its great purity, whiteness, dryness. Ask your grocer why he doesn't sell it.

## Salt

Best grocers sell it

## THE Dominion Brewery Co. LIMITED

BREWERS and MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated...

## WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE... ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.





## "Come, Little Chick! Come!"

THE new Parisian cry or catchword, "Viens, Pou-poule! Viens!" "Come, little chick! Come!" has taken Paris by storm, and resounds day and night from the heights of Montmartre to the plains of Montparnasse. It came with the first day of spring, and bids fair to flourish until the fall of leaves in October. Like the cakewalk, it has become an obsession. It is nonsensical, idiotic and infantile, but, as uttered and sung by concert hall artists and by the gawdies of the boulevards, it has swing and rhythm, and has caught the fancy of the populace. This poultry-like refrain is usually pronounced with loving tenderness, and the last invocation, "Viens!"—"Come!" is chanted with languishing emphasis and passion. Thousands of tourists will before long be on their way to Paris, and this irrepressible refrain will be the first note to strike their ears as they emerge from the railway station. From time beyond memory there has always been some dominating popular street cry in the French capital.

Visitors during the last twenty years will recollect the famous couplets invented and sung by Paulus during the Boulevard fever, when "Revenant de la Revue" sung by students and agitators, nearly led to a coup d'état. It was the phrase "Oh! Quel malheur que d'avoir un gendre!"—"What a misfortune to have a son-in-law!"—that ruined President Grey when he contracted at the agency for corrupt transactions directed by his son-in-law, Mr. Wilson. The present street cry is, however, neither political nor revolutionary. It is simply a cry of joviality and pleasure, and as such is an excellent exponent of the wholesome state of the public mind.

The genesis and development of the prevailing catchword are significant. "Viens Pou-poule!" occurs as a form of endearment in the novels of Paul de Kock and in the comedies of Scribe. It is the return to the patriarchal sentimentalities and fads of 1830. The song first made its appearance at the music halls of the boulevards during the reviews of last January. On Mardi Gras and on Mi-Careme it burst forth spontaneously in the streets as a national refrain. The author of the new song is M. Trebitsch, a young sentimental poet of Montmartre and disciple of M. Gustave Charpentier, the composer of the popular Parisian opera, "Louise." M. Trebitsch has also written some bright and witty military songs, such as "Ous'quest Saint-Nazaire!" which are the delight of the barracks. With his "Viens Pou-poule," however, M. Trebitsch suddenly became famous. When questioned as to how he managed to hit so palpably the popular fancy, M. Trebitsch said: "One day an artist friend of mine returned from London and told me that he had heard there one of the most catching songs imaginable. It was a German ditty by Herr Adolf Spanh, called 'Komme, Caroline!' It occurred to me to adapt the song to the French ear, and after reading Paul de Kock I decided to give it the Parisian title 'Viens, Pou-poule! Viens!' Then, together with M. Christine, who shared my enthusiasm, a new song was constructed with over fifty variations, and this is what caught the Parisian taste with such unexpected success."

The new song admits of all sorts of "gags" and interpolations, very much as was the case with the once popular refrain of "Tara-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," that equally nonsensical ditty that a dozen years ago caught the public fancy in New York and London. Some of the couplets of "Viens, Pou-poule!" are addressed by a young lover to his sweetheart. Others are put in mouths of deputies after a stormy sitting of the Chamber. Deputies turn to their wives and say, "Come along, my little chicken ('pou-poule')—let's come away!" Other couplets refer to Cabinet Ministers, others are purely local skits at popular actors, actresses, authors, writers, professors, and men or women prominently before the public. A couplet that has just been cut by the censorship referred to President Loubet, who after the tedious ceremonial of a State reception at the Elysee Palace, was made to say to Mme. Loubet, "Viens, Pou-poule! Let's get out of this and be off to bed!" As may readily be imagined, Parisian vivacity has applied this phrase of "Viens, Pou-poule!" to every imaginable situation. Students and frequenters of boulevard cafes have taken up the theme with a vengeance. In the underground railway, at the race courses, on tops of omnibuses, at the theaters, at the restaurants, and, indeed, everywhere in Paris, one is hailed with this irrepressible cry of the hour, "Viens, Pou-poule! Viens!"

## How Bret Harte Shocked His Proofreader.

IN the newly published "Biography of Bret Harte" not the least interesting incident narrated is the revolt of the printer of the "Overland Monthly" against the appalling profanity of the editor in not merely accepting, but in contributing to its second number, this blasphemous story. Bret Harte, as the editor of the new magazine, feeling that it ought to have distinctively Californian features, sent the manuscript of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" to the printer. The printer, little suspecting how monstrous was the birth he was asked to assist, passed it on to his staff, who, mechanically, let us hope, set up the type. The proofreader, a young lady, was, therefore, the first, most unfortunately, to read, or to begin to read, the blasphemous production. When she had got over the first shock, she hurried to the printer, a church member, even a deacon, and complained to him of the outrage to which she had been subjected. He, hardly believing his ears, or even his eyes, hastened to the publisher, and laid before him the proofs he should have sent to the author and editor. Thus it happened that the editor was summoned to account to the printer for his misdeeds—a delightful Gilbertian inversion.

"The printer, instead of returning the proofs to the editor and author, submitted them to the publisher with the emphatic declaration that the matter thereof was so indecent, irreverent and improper that his proofreader—a young lady—had been with difficulty induced to continue its perusal, and that he, as a friend of the publisher and a well-wisher of the magazine, was impelled to present to him personally this shameful evidence of the manner in which the editor was imperiling the future of that enterprise."

But what, you ask, so horrified the

young person? Why simply the scene where Bret Harte, after recently fondling the infant, said: "He wrastled with my finger, the d—d little cuss!"

When she came to this appalling passage, the proofreader, like Francesca, "read no more that day." Dear old James Payn used to relate that in private letters to the editor of an American magazine to which he contributed, he used to send the current club stories, which were perhaps more shocking even than this extract from "The Luck of Roaring Camp." It was not, however, till he had supplied regularly for seven years these club delicacies that his correspondence at last, to inform him that she was a lady! "I give you my word," added Payn, "I blush even now in bed when I think of her seven years' long-suffering!" But to return to the criticism of the prudish proofreader, who recalls Moliere's satire on "people whose ears are more chaste than all the rest of their bodies." Bret Harte's answer to it in his defence of his habit of holding up to admiration "a man of one virtue and a thousand crimes" is most effective. He wrote:

"The author has been repeatedly cautioned, kindly and unkindly, intelligently and unintelligently, against his alleged tendency to confuse recognized standards of morality by extenuating lives of recklessness, and often criminality, with a single solitary virtue. Of all the various forms in which cant presents itself to suffering humanity, he knows of none so outrageous, so illogical, so undemonstrable, so marvellously absurd as the cant of 'too much mercy.' When it shall be proven to him that communities are degraded and brought to guilt and crime, suffering or destitution, from a predominance of this quality; when he shall see pardoned ticket-of-leave men elbowing men of austere lives out of situation and position, and the repentant Magdalene supplanting the blameless virgin in society, then he will lay aside his pen and extend his hand to the new draconian discipline in fiction. But until then he will, without claiming to be a religious man or a moralist, but simply as an artist, reverently and humbly conform to the rules laid down by the Great Poet, who created the parable of 'The Prodigal Son' and 'The Good Samaritan'—whose works have lasted 1,800 years, and will remain when the present writer and his generation are forgotten."

## In the Spring

Use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They Enable Nature to Right Itself and Thus Dispose of the Objectionable Lassitude Naturally and for Good.

You know it's Spring. That tired feeling tells you that. You are not sick, but you have little inclination to eat and still less to work. You just want to do nothing and feel miserable.

Do you know why? Do you know that the stomach has been working hard with fatty food all winter supplying the different parts of the body with both heat and food—that the stomach's work is doubled in the winter?

Do you know that the stomach after its double work is tired? That when tired it fails in its duty of supplying the different parts of the body with food. That when the parts do not get food they are starved and weak.

Your stomach needs help! It needs Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They will digest the food while the stomach rests. They will not only ensure a food supply to the starved organs and muscles, but they will rest the stomach and put it in shape to do its work well. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are what the stomach needs in the springtime. They are a natural cure because they enable the body to right itself. When the body is right there can be no weary, dispiriting spring feelings.

## A Royal Heart.

Ragged, uncomely, and old and grey. And through the crowd as she would her way. One saw her loiter and then stoop down. Putting something away in her old torn gown.

"You are hiding a jewel!" the watcher said. (Ah! that was her heart—had the truth been read?) "What have you stolen?" he asked again. Then the dim eyes filled with a sudden pain. And under the flickering light of the gas she showed him her gleaming. "It's broken glass," she said, lifting it up frae the street. To be out o' the road o' the bairnies' feet!"

Under the fluttering rags astrid. That was a royal heart that beat! Would that the world had more like her! Smooching the road for his bairnies' feet!

—Will H. Ogilvie in "Spectator."

## Torontoians Adopt a Good Thing.

There can be no doubt that the citizens of Toronto are quick to make use of a good thing when it is offered. The rapidity with which the owners of the better class of houses are adopting the electric light is an evidence of this. Its use is becoming so general that the owners usually have the best that is to be had are realizing that if they want to be "in the swim" they must do away with obsolete methods and adopt the "electric only" idea.

The reliable service furnished by the local electric light company justifies this, and when the cheapness of the light is considered it is small matter for wonder that it is being so generally adopted here.

## O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt

is meeting with a gratifying sale. Nursing mothers, delicate children and nervous people are greatly benefited by its use. Physicians are prescribing it.

## Very Natural Conclusion.

O'Reilly (being entertained by the cook, who produces a bottle of olive)—"You'll excuse me, Norah, but it's me privit apyiny, that these plums is shooled."

Norah—Shure thim is not plums; thim is alives, and they kim from Spain.

O'Reilly—Be hivin! thim they must have kim in the sheegee.

In washing woollens and flannels, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Interesse.—Did you see me? Were you? "No," he said. "I was not." If you did, you'd know I was enjoying it finely. Next time you must give me the nod or sign or some occult intimation of your presence and location. Your writing is very matter-of-fact and devoid of any flights of fancy whatever. The tenacity of thought and generally logical, just and even tenor of your mind is reproach to all frivolities. The best of good luck to you and many happy returns of your birthday. This week, I am sure, you have some sentiment and very persistent purpose, a generally cheerful and optimistic disposition, a good deal of appreciation of art, beauty and wit, and a wholesome modesty. You are an Arles child, of course; the element of your sign first but the consistency is always brilliant as the August or December. You love to plan and should have considerable ability in doing so. The writing is rather conventional and suggests life work not calculated to develop marked original enterprise.

Omphale.—I am sorry you forgot your coupon. I am very trying to be a graphologist.

Isabel E.—The question of age isn't everything. You certainly have plenty of force and decision and self-reliance, and, though a little shy on discretion, the years will not diminish your power. You might cultivate a gentler and more sympathetic to sweeten a little some of your moods and flavors. Above all, never mind what "people" think. Use your own excellent good sense and decide to carry through what you undertake quietly and thoroughly. Very truly, your friend, J. H. Murray.

Topsy.—All right, my dear little nigger, your real name is safe with me. I'll forget it in her face. The wrinkles on her brow were full of faith and grace. Her minor voice and pince-nez would do her a large amount of good. All plainly told she had a heart "To feel for others' woes."

She came within the prison's walls, Sweet flowers in her hand, And spoke to, in her softest voice, One of the convict band. He offered him the perfume flowers, "They'll cheer your lonely lot, And whisper in each fragrant breath 'That you are not forgot.'"

"I'm much obliged, ma'am," said the man. "The fragrant and they're bright. But you've made a mistake, I guess, And I'll just set you right. The man that killed his wife and kids Is the in number ten. I'm here because one night I stole My next door neighbor's hen."

## A Good Gas Mantle too.

Incandescent gas lights save you money, more light and less gas. Lights complete from 35c up. A good gas mantle for 10c each. G. & J. Murray, 224 Yonge street.

## The Mother-in-Law.

VERY little is known of the origin of this species, writes Dorothy Dix in her "Studies in Natural History." Many people who have had opportunity of studying it at close range believe that the first one was the original Serpent in Eden that put Eve up to making trouble for Adam, and that its descendants are still at work breaking up Domestic Paradises. In confirmation of this theory, which is held by many men of experience, it is pointed out that the Mother-in-Law is generally the First Aid to the Divorced, and that in families where none is kept the wife generally lives and dies without eating of the apple of knowledge, and finding out that she is married to a

Home Bird.—It does "help me some," my girl! Scotch mother and Irish dad have made a fine result, and you know as well as I do that you're a good deal of a success. You're very self-reliant and of high tone and dominant will. You love to rule your kingdom and shake hands. As to your birthday, shake hands! You are a Virgo, but with much of the warmth of Leo still hovering in the offing. In your line and tenacity, broad-mindedness and sentiment. You are kind, helpful, generous and candid. One doesn't often see all these qualities of power and love of it with a genial, carelessness kindness as well set forth as in your study. I should say you were generally conservative in your views, warm-hearted, reasonably cognizant of your own merits, imaginative, facile, and undeniably gifted both in heart and head. My love to you!

Pericles.—The astrological knowledge which you ask me to "summon to my aid" isn't much use, as you quite forgot to mention the arrival of your great-uncle in Canada from classic regions. What's the matter with your writing? I don't see why it's not just the same old story. I notice, however, a disposition, some self-consciousness, sympathetic nature, good temper, generally a rather slow and studied way of writing, and not much experience or grasp of life's problems. It is rather a "tiresome" hand, just seeming to be in the transition stage and weak and inconsistent.

Birdie.—Not much of a song you sing for me; barely four lines, with three capitals in them. And yet that little bit tells your secrets more than pages from some people. You are an Aquarius baby, with the great force and spirit of your sign and the carelessness which so often goes with such splendid gifts. You are dominant, but never aggressive, frank and courageous, careful of expression and with some pet ambitions and a good deal of self-reliance. You are practical, able and not apt to let any considerations of sentiment or conventional interference with your own way and purpose. You don't like those great upsurges you carry on the finals of some of your letters, and I don't think you'd make a good debutante. It's a fine, strong, able and outspoken study. I don't think you could gracefully tell a lie or do a mean act. You love beauty, order, neat and handsome things.

A January Violet.—Thanks for good wishes. May you bloom in sweetness many long years! I don't find you an easy study. There is plenty of feeling, sometimes over-sensitive, some ambition to be noticed, praised and petted, a great deal of love for effect, light will and some inconsistency in it. You have smart, quick perception, some business capacity, terseness and clarity. You are a goat. My lady fair Capricorn ruled on the date of your birth, Jan. 30th.

Margaret Dale.—In all faith, I should think that one who is interested in the study of human nature as you, so I take it, profess to be, would find me a fascinating subject. (That's what I call good people, one in a while.) My goodness, what a challenge! Now, Margaret,

open your mouth and take your medicine. You're not the tiniest scrap fascinating. If anyone says you are they're fooling you. If you say you are, well—you don't require any cooling. You're just in that state of development when you are abnormally self-centered, and what you call the "perfect contradictions" of your traits, is just the uneasy working into line of a rather crude and not very refined personality. And yet, Meg, you are a good sort, taking yourself too seriously, but you'll get over that. Your study is actually not yet fit for dedication. If I told you what I see, you'd come after me with a gun. Never mind solving the riddle of a very complex disposition and nature. You maybe never will. We aren't sent here to solve that sort of riddle—just only to be sweet-tempered, clean-minded and busy in helping others and ourselves to "come up higher."

Flip Feather.—1. Nothing of the sort! The rhyme runs: "Friday a child is loving and giving, and Saturday a child must work for her living." I know that's so, for I am a Saturday's child, and living this column for instance, is no picnic. I cannot tell you of a book on mesmerism, and I wouldn't if I could. I regard it as a very objectionable business, and I'm sure it is dangerous and mischievous. I am not averse to advanced thought, nor any amount of occultism, but mesmerism has always offended me somehow. You especially should sternly give it a wide berth. 2. Your writing is sensitive, nervous, imprecise, and somewhat erratic. Never did I see your Virgo. Perhaps you're not very old. Your writing looks juvenile. I think you have some rather strong prejudices and should always strive to look at both sides of a question, and keep out of partisanship. There are quite nice possibilities in your hand. You have concentration, tenacity and discretion. What you need is culture, broad sympathies and interests, and careful self-discipline. The Virgos are worth it.

Jeremy.—1. Don't you pay the least heed to them, my boy. The boellers should have one neck, and we should have a nice length of rope—see? 2. Your writing is eloquent of many nice traits. It's not ordinary, and neither are you. You take your own way through life, and the more you're opposed the firmer you stick! Now, isn't that a true bill? You have some very nervy ambitions, and you want to go pretty high. Success, and more of it, to you! You never trust anyone unless you have and then you don't—not often. You think clearly, and should be a gentleman. I think you would rather resent, or at least dislike, interference from even well-meaning friends. You'd be likely to enjoy a certain sort of social life, but you'd weary of a constancy of dissipation. You have very nice taste, and refined, beautiful, orderly and correct surroundings. You should be in some situation of trust, for you are the very fellow to fill it well. Bye-bye.

## Wasted Sympathy.

She was a sympathetic soul; You'd think it in her face. The wrinkles on her brow were full of faith and grace. Her minor voice and pince-nez would do her a large amount of good. All plainly told she had a heart "To feel for others' woes."

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## Sour Stomach—Bad Breath.

The body depends on the bowels to carry off all waste and poisonous matters from the system—it is Nature's drainage. If the bowels don't perform their functions properly and become clogged up, the system gradually absorbs this poison. It is this which causes sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, bad breath, inactive liver, lack of energy, heartburn, etc.,

Abbey's Effervescent Salt will cure you by clearing away the obstruction and thoroughly cleansing the bowels. This brings healthy action to all the organs of the body and rids the system of the cause of illness.

In this way Abbey's Effervescent Salt permanently cures. A teaspoonful in half a glass of tepid water every morning.

## THE VERY BEST TEA

the world produces and the most economical is

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea Gold Label at sixty cents a pound. Although costing a little more per pound than ordinary tea it is really cheaper, costing only about one-third of a cent a cup. Sold by all grocers.

## VIN MARIAN

Most Reliable of Tonics.

"MARIAN'S WINE is without doubt the most reliable of tonics."

DR. DU CAZAL, Physician-in-Chief, French Army.



Strengthens the Athlete.

Tempts the Irregular.

All the flavor of fine cold Roast Beef is found in Clark's canned

Ready Lunch Beef

In tins, Ready to Serve.

W. CLARK, MFR., MONTREAL

Clark's Pork and Beans

are simply delicious.

Brute and a Poor, Persecuted Angel.

Generally speaking, the Mother-in-Law is indigenous to Europe and America, only a few scattering ones, and those of a feeble character, being found in Asia, and none at all in Africa, which accounts for the large immigration of recent years to the latter country.

Naturalists have no trouble in placing the Mother-in-Law among the predatory and man-devouring animals, but much difficulty has arisen in settling the exact class to which it belongs, some students contending that because of its mania for putting its finger in everybody's pie it pertains to the genus *femina* intermedia, while others hold that its arbitrary temper and determination to rule the roost indicate that it is a species of the genus *femina* heptecus. An eminent authority, however, advances the opinion that while both of these theories are true, they do not go far enough, and that the Mother-in-Law is, perhaps, the finest specimen extant of the genus *femina* stirrup-troubled.

In appearance this strange animal is what is described as hard-featured, being particularly noticeable for the set of its jaw and the fact that it presents, from every aspect, an unyielding appearance. It is generally of a black color, and it bristles with bundles as a porcupine does with quills. Its voice is also of a peculiarly grating and harsh quality, and has the extraordinary power of affecting men's nerves to the extent of driving them to drink.

The chief characteristic of the Mother-in-Law is its inability to let people alone. It can no more see a man and his wife happily going their own way in peace without wanting to throw a bomb in between them, than a dog can see a horse grazing in a meadow without snapping at its heels. This is not intentional mischief. It is just the nature of the beast, and it can help it. It is a very happy-go-lucky animal with an insatiable mania for butting into affairs where it is not wanted. No man can hope to run his house, or play anything but second fiddle, who keeps a Mother-in-Law on the premises.

As may be supposed, knowing the danger to which they will be exposed, and seeing the fell fate that has befallen their friends, no man desires to have such a household pet, but so crafty and foxy is the Mother-in-Law that it comes upon him unawares, and the first thing he knows one of these creatures is inalienably attached to his establishment. A great many men are able by strenuous labor to keep the wolf from the door, but comparatively few are ever able to fight off a Mother-in-Law.

Let it not be thought, however, that this bloodthirsty animal has been made in vain. Not without reason is it well called the Watch Dog of Monogamy, for no man has such a horror of polygamy as one who has a Mother-in-Law.

## Napoleon's Housekeeping-Book.

THE discredit that the tiara of Saltaphanes has brought on historical relics spoiled the sale of the account-book of Perron, 'maître d'hôtel' of Napoleon at St. Helena. This very suggestive and, I believe, authentic volume was put up to auction for 400 fr., and with difficulty worked up to 480 fr., writes a Paris correspondent. "Napoleon went over it once a week, signed it, and made any observations that occurred to him on the margin. His hand, always illegible, became a fearful scrawl at Longwood. Moutholun, his treasurer, however, re-wrote the observations in a legible hand, for Perron's direction. He often dined on kid or lamb or mutton in the early days of his captivity. He re-



SUPERB ALE INVIGORATING PORTER DELICIOUS HALF-AND-HALF

COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. NIAGARA ST., TORONTO

And of all License Holders Telephone Park 140

Standard Brands:

India Pale Ale

Amber Ale

Half-and-Half

Extra Stout

In Wood and Bottle

BREWED BY

Toronto Brewing Co.

Since St. Toronto

jected fish on his doctor's advice. From the middle of 1820 he lived almost entirely on chicken and fruits, and occasionally had veal broth, with rice. The price of everything seems exorbitant.

Perron's accounts began in January, 1819, and ended on May 2, 1821. He lived to an old age. After his death all his personal property was sold by his grandchildren. A M. Dublin, a well-known collector, who began by collecting letters of Queen Victoria to Louis Philippe, which an 1848 mob cast out of the windows of the Tuileries, bought the Perron account-book. It enables those who have a little imagination to picture faithfully 'Napoleon at home, at St. Helena.'

"This account-book confirms me in an impression I have long had as to the jerkiness of Napoleon's mind. The more I learn of that mind the more wanting in balance it seems to me. It runs in a childish way from subject to subject, shows a childish impatience of contradiction, and of all that stands in the way of his desires. One sees this disposition in slave-owners and in persons who have, without long preparation, won great situations. Their caprices become their masters. Napoleon had for his agents in ministering to his hebeities the most brainy people in Europe, and in his time the least groovy and most spontaneous. The handwriting throughout his life may be taken as a sincere exponent of his defects of character and intellect. It looks like a drunkard's scrawl. Could his forebears have been deep drinkers of heady wines? Perhaps. But, whether or not, the handwriting is jerky, unconnected, utterly deficient in composure and mental dignity. I may even add that it betrays utter selfishness. The writer is entirely let by impulse and never studies the convenience of anyone else. Had he been considerate, he would have tried to write legibly, and his efforts would have been attended with some success."

## Simplified Oratorios.

The new minister of the First Church in Banbury was consulting the organist as to the music to be sung on his first Sunday.

"And besides the hymn-tunes," said the organist, whose daily occupation was that of plumber and iceman for the village, "we always have two selections from the choir, from real classical music, generally from one of Handel's or Haydn's oratorios."

"Why, that is good news," said the minister, who was no mean musician and had a cultivated taste and ear; "but don't you find the music rather difficult for untrained singers?"

"Well, they aren't untrained, for I train 'em," said the organist, with some resentment. "And besides that, where the music's difficult I alter it for 'em. I strike out all the cadenzas and trills and things of that kind; and where the tune runs too low or too high I either set it up or down an octave. Or if I can't do that I just have 'em quit singing and I put on the vox humana stop and play the tune till it gets into their range again. It's easy enough when you know how to do it."





WING to the fact that the musical director missed railway connection at New York, the Gordon-Shay Opera Company did not open their engagement on Monday, as announced. It was unfortunate for them, as the theater would not doubt have been crowded with the usual Easter Monday audience. They gave their first production on Tuesday evening, before a somewhat slim attendance. The opera was Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." Speaking generally, one can say that while the company do not give pretentious performances in the matter of stars or orchestral and choral resources, they offer fairly enjoyable productions at moderate prices. They thus give opportunities to people with limited means to hear some of the operas of the modern repertory. Rose Cecilia Shay, the leading lady, who appeared as Santuzza in Mascagni's work, is a very earnest singer, with a good soprano voice, brilliant in the upper register and full in tone. It is not equal in quality throughout its compass, but it has dramatic intensity and carries well. Her acting in the famous duet scene with Turiddu was hardly so good as her singing. Joseph Fredericks, as Turiddu, displayed a good tenor, and Pauline Johnson, as the seductive Lola, James Stevens as Alfio, and Eloise Bishop, acquitted themselves with pleasure to the audience. In the Leoncavallo opera, Pauline Johnson was the Nedda, and although she has scarcely a light enough touch for the comedy parts of the second act and is a poor dancer, she sang very agreeably. Signor Alberti, who is not a stranger in this city, made the triumph of the evening as Tonio, and his fine baritone showed to advantage in the famous prologue, which was warmly applauded. Mr. Stevens as Silvio and Merlino as Beppo sang their parts very smoothly and were favorably received. "Carmen" and "Trovatore" were announced for Wednesday and "Faust" for Friday.

At the Grand Opera House Julian Edwards' "Princess Chic" has been the week's attraction, and opened to an enormous audience on Monday. The production is perhaps the weakest that has yet been given here, save in the case of Mr. Joseph C. Miron, whose sonorous voice was once more heard with delight in the popular war song, and who swayed about as humorously as ever as Brevet, the soldier of fortune. There was no special distinction about the chorus, and the orchestra was not up to proper strength for light opera. The comedians were Albert Mahar and Fred Bailey, who succeeded in amusing the audience. Vera Michelena sang pleasingly as the Princess Chic, but cannot be compared either as singer or actress with her predecessors in the role.

At Shea's Theater the Aborn Comic Opera Company have been playing all the week "The Serenade." This opera has never been received with much enthusiasm in Toronto, and I very much doubt whether it was a signal success with the Bostonians, who originally held the rights to it. Taking into account the low prices charged at Shea's for admission, the Aborn company present the opera in a surprisingly creditable manner. The principals are fair average opera soloists, and there is a strong chorus and an enlarged orchestra. The patrons of the house will no doubt appreciate the manager's efforts to supply them with light opera at popular prices. At any rate, on Monday afternoon standing-room was at a premium. Next week the company will produce De Koven's "Rob Roy," and I understand it is the intention, if sufficient encouragement be given, to have a season of seven or eight weeks here.

Speaking of the performance of Dr. Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" at Dantzig on the 11th ult., the eminent German critic, Dr. C. Fuchs, says: "From the point of view of absolute music, the choruses are productive of the highest enjoyment and in doing so reaches the sublime." The Dantziger press is equally laudatory. The "Allgemeine Zeitung" says: "Elgar's music belongs to the most grandiose, most impressive and most characteristic that has for a long time been produced in the realm of oratorio. His mastery lies in the unparalleled power of his creative impulse; in the boldness of the thematic architecture; the brilliant, often bizarre, but never trivial rhythms and harmonies; and in the wealth of magnificent sound-effects and minutest nuances."

In a recent address before the Liverpool Welsh National Society Mr. Harry Evans made some remarks which we in Canada may very well apply to ourselves in regard to the almost exclusive devotion to oratorio music of many of our choral societies. In referring to the recent defeat of Welsh choirs in competition, he said that the downright plain truth of the matter is that Welsh choralists had cultivated mainly only the massive Handelian style and had neglected refinement, delicacy and restraint. Moreover, they fed themselves upon a limited repertory, which stunted musical growth, and they formed choirs simply and solely for competitive purposes.

Upon a recent date Mr. Rechab Tandy sang in concert at Parry Sound, and, according to reports in local papers, made a complete vocal success. The Parry Sound "Canadian" says: "Every number of Mr. Rechab Tandy's fine selections was greeted with an encore, to which he responded. He possesses a pleasing, rich tenor voice, and the concert was one of

the best musical treats ever given in Parry Sound."

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, on his first visit to Toronto last Saturday, was appropriately honored in several ways. The University of Toronto conferred upon him the degree of Mus. Doc. (honoris causa), Dr. Torrington being chosen to make the presentation, and he was banqueted both by the University authorities and the Clef Club. In his response at the University Sir Alexander made a very modest speech, stating that he accepted the honor of the degree not as a personal compliment to himself only, but as a recognition of the work of his colleagues of the new British national school of music. He expressed the hope that one day the British school would welcome to their ranks a representative Canadian composer. In the short interview Sir Alexander found time to give me, he spoke in most flattering terms of the singing of the Canadian choruses he had conducted at St. John, Moncton and Halifax. The tenors and sopranos impressed him as being surprisingly good. He expressed the hope that the choruses throughout the Dominion which had been organized to take part in the Cycle of Festivals now being held would not be discontinued. He thought that the educational effects of the Festival would be of great value in the districts where previous to the movement there had been no regularly organized musical societies. As to Toronto, he was aware that it was a musical center, and well up to date in many respects in regard to the art of music. He, however, thought that the Toronto Festival would introduce several British works quite worthy of the consideration and favor of the citizens. As "Saturday Night" goes to press early in the week, I shall have to defer all notice of the Toronto concerts till next issue.

Mr. Watkin Mills, who is a periodical visitor to Canada, was the principal attraction at the Good Friday night concert at Massey Hall. He was in very good form, and sang a varied selection with his usual sonority of tone, unaffected style, and artistic finish. He is at his best in the Handelian air, but on this occasion his numbers were drawn from the Italian school and Old Country national songs. He was assisted by Mr. Parlovitz, a pianist of brilliant technique, but apparently destitute of temperament. He positively rattled through the Chopin Polonaise, op. 22, without any apparent idea of nuances of tempo, or tone color, and his rendering of his encore number, Chopin's "Berceuse," suffered from lack of poetry and delicacy. Mr. Owen Smily contributed a couple of his entertaining selections.

Other Good Friday concerts of interest were those at Elm Street Methodist Church, under the direction of Mr. Carahan, at which Mr. Harold Jarvis and Miss Jessie Alexander assisted, and at which the local soloists were Mrs. Jean Waldrum Andrews, Mrs. Macpherson German and Mr. Allan Fisher, and at Parkdale Methodist Church, at which Homer Norris's attractive cantata, "Naim," was produced for the first time, under the direction of Mr. A. B. Jury, with Mr. J. H. Alexander, Mrs. Jury, and the Misses Laura Shindrick, Maud Olmsted and Lillian Dent as soloists.

The popular Carlton church, under the direction of Mr. J. M. Sherlock, will conclude its series of concerts on the 30th inst., when, in addition to a miscellaneous programme, Alfred R. Gaul's sacred cantata, "Ruth," will be rendered. The choir will be assisted on this occasion by a compact orchestra and well known soloists. The other choruses to be sung will be "With Sheathed Swords" from "Naaman"; "The Heavens Are Telling" from "The Creation," and the "Unfold" chorus from "Redemption." It is understood that next season's scheme will include Haydn's "Creation" and Gaul's historical "Joan of Arc," as performed by the Birmingham Festival Choral Society, which will be heard for the first time in Toronto.

One of the most effective examples of concerted singing heard at the Conservatory of Music this season was that of an admirable rendering of the Trio from Bennett's "May Queen," by Miss Helen Davies, soprano; Mr. Arthur Heyes, tenor, and Mr. A. J. Hyndman, baritone, pupils of Dr. Albert Ham. This number, which was included in the programme of a piano recital given by several of Mr. A. S. Vogt's most brilliant pupils, was received with much enthusiasm by the audience, who greatly admired the excellent style, effective voice production and general artistic interpretation of the vocalists.

An interesting vocal recital was given Wednesday evening of last week at the Toronto College of Music by Miss Lillian Kirby, pupil of Dr. Torrington. Miss Kirby possesses a rich contralto voice, and her ability in church, oratorio and operatic selections was fully evidenced in

her well chosen programme. Her numbers were "Sun of My Soul," Adams; "Fear Ye Not, O Israel," Buck; "O Rest In the Lord" ("Elijah"), Buck; "But the Lord Is Mindful of His Own" (St. Paul), Mendelssohn; "He Was Despaired" ("Messiah"), Handel; "Prova Mi Dia Lo Sen-to," Donizetti; "O, Patria" ("Tamerlano"), Rossini. Miss Kirby had the assistance of Miss Lillian Porter, pianist, and Mr. F. C. Smith, violinist. Miss Porter gave a brilliant rendering of the "Prelude" in C sharp minor, Rachmaninoff, and "Valse de Concert," by Prudent. The violin pieces, "Morris" dance, "Shepherd" dance and "Torch" dance, three bright and interesting numbers by German, were highly appreciated. In a trio for violin, piano and organ, Dr. Torrington at the organ, a good ensemble effect was obtained.

Mr. A. S. Vogt was in Boston last Tuesday week, and attended the special performance of Bach's great B minor Mass by the Cecilia Society of that city. Mr. Vogt was much impressed with the excellent work of the choruses, which was remarkable for its artistic effectiveness. The voices making up the chorus are much superior to what one usually hears in a chorus of its size, the parts also being well balanced and of characteristic quality. The success of the organization, however, in Mr. Vogt's opinion is principally due to the fine musicianship of the conductor, Mr. B. J. Lang, who is one of the best known and most highly cultured musicians of Boston. In the matter of interpretation Mr. Lang demonstrates that it is possible to attain to the highest of artistic eminence with a large body of singers, and that something higher and better than mere surface or conventional expression is as practicable with singers as with a first-class orchestra, given a sufficient number of rehearsals under a thorough musician. In the performance on Tuesday evening the breadth of style, combined with the finer artistic effects and the subtleties of expression which appeal so strongly to the cultured musical taste, stood out in vivid contrast to the explosive changes from fortissimos to pianissimos in which so many chorus masters of a certain type seem to glory. The new Symphony Hall, in an ideal concert auditorium. The superb organ added much to the effect of the performance in passages requiring the greatest possible volume of tone. The orchestral accompaniments were played by members of the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra, which, needless to say, left nothing to be desired in this respect. The new building of the New England Conservatory of Music, of which Mr. Vogt was at one time a pupil, and which has been erected at a cost of nearly half a million of dollars, is one of the great institutions of Boston, and certainly one of the best equipped music schools in the world. Mr. Vogt was cordially welcomed by the musical director of the institution, Mr. Chadwick, and by several others of his old masters who are still occupying positions on the staff.

A musical service under Mr. J. W. F. Harrison will be given at St. Simon's Church on Sunday evening, at which the Easter music will be repeated, including the anthem, "Awake, Thou That Sleepest," from the "Daughter of Jairus," Stainer; "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis," by Christopher Marks, and song, "My Hope Is In The Everlasting," Stainer, to be sung by Mr. Arthur Heyes.

I may call final attention to the fact that the two concerts to-day (Saturday) at Massey Hall, which will close the Toronto Musical Festival, are specially attractive, and so arranged that they will appeal to a variety of tastes. At the matinee F. H. Cowen's beautiful symphony, "The Scandinavian," will be played by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, in addition to Mackenzie's overture, "The Cricket On The Hearth," Stanford's "Irish Rhapsody," No. 1, Corde's overture, "Prospero," and the "Ballade" from Cliffe's Symphony in C minor. The solo vocalists will be Wilfrid Virgo, Millicent Brennan and Ethel Wood. At the evening concert Elgar's fine ballad for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, "The Banner of St. George," will be produced in an admirable rendering of the Trio from Bennett's "May Queen," by Miss Helen Davies, soprano; Mr. Arthur Heyes, tenor, and Mr. A. J. Hyndman, baritone, pupils of Dr. Albert Ham. This number, which was included in the programme of a piano recital given by several of Mr. A. S. Vogt's most brilliant pupils, was received with much enthusiasm by the audience, who greatly admired the excellent style, effective voice production and general artistic interpretation of the vocalists.

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eminent German critics, who have so enthusiastically applauded the "Dream," Messrs. Krehbiel and Henderson of the New York "Tribune" and "Times" respectively; Theodore Thomas, conductor of the Chicago Orchestra, as also the leading English critics, or, on the other hand, Mr. Finck, whose erratic trend of criticism of late has given rise to the suspicion that he is becoming a crank. The fact that Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" is now in process of being sung in most of the leading cities of Germany, and is everywhere being received with praise, must lead to the inference that it has some merit. Mr. Finck has, however, strong prejudices. I might call attention to his constant sneers at Mascagni, the mention of whose name seems to act upon him like the flaunting of a red rag before a bull. Mr. Finck says that years ago he predicted that the public would tire of Mascagni's "Cavalleria," and he contends that there is absolutely nothing in the work but what is banal. Seeing that in the course of a few years the "Cavalleria" has been produced thousands of times in different parts of the world, it is not surprising that the public should evince decreased eagerness to hear it. But, after all, Mascagni in the "Cavalleria" produced one of the cleverest "melodramas" of modern days, and for Mr. Finck to deny it is simply to expose himself to ridicule.

Miss Eugenie Quehen, who for the past few years has been studying the piano with Mr. A. S. Vogt, gives her first professional piano recital in St. George's Hall on Wednesday evening of next week. Miss Quehen is recognized as one of the most brilliant of Canadian pianists, and her programme at next week's recital will include numbers calculated to test the virtuosity and musicianship of any player. Among the novelties to be presented is the fine concert paraphrase on themes from Tchaikowski's opera, "Eugen Onegin," a work which has during the past season proved one of Rosen-thal's greatest successes in his European recitals. Miss Quehen's success in Tchaikowski's works was demonstrated last season, when she played, for the first time in Toronto, that great master's concerto in B flat minor. The recital will be made additionally interesting through the assistance of Miss Dora L. McMurtry, soprano, and Mr. Frank Blachford, violinist.

#### A Disenchanted View.

It is unsafe to judge by appearances, even the most agreeable ones. The bachelor who is interested in the experiences of his married friends was in a car with a couple with whom he was acquainted. It was a rainy morning.

The young wife had her umbrella well out of the way of those who passed up and down the car, but a lumbering, overgrown boy, on his passage to the door, managed to hit it with one foot, fall over it and break it before he regained his balance.

"Oh, I'm sorry I broke it," stammered the unfortunate, with a scarlet face. "I—I'd like to pay—"

"Never mind. I'm sure it wasn't your fault," and the lady smiled up at him without a trace of anger or even irritation on her face.

"Well, I must say your wife is an angel!" exclaimed the bachelor, warmly. "Most women would have withered that chummy boy with a look, if they hadn't scorching him with words."

"She is an angel," said the married man, as he picked up the pieces of the umbrella and smiled quizzically at his wife, "but—she's wanted a new umbrella for a month, and now she knows I'll get it for her. It's a sad world, isn't it? full of disappointments and disenchantments."

He—Miss Workman, I'm going to propose to you—She—Really, Mr. Phoxxy, I'm sorry, but—He—That we have some ice cream—She—O! I shall be delighted to—He—Some evening when the weather gets warmer—Philadelphia "Press."

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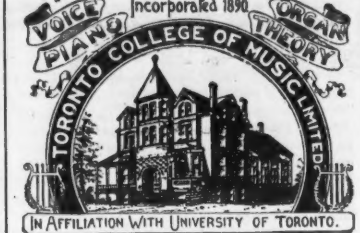
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LAMPS and GLOBES**  
Wedding Gifts a Specialty  
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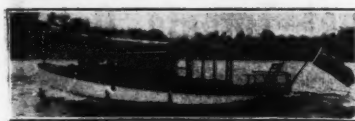
## MAKING A WILL . . .

The greater the efforts put forth by an individual to accumulate property for the benefit of his family or others the more imperative becomes the duty of making a will.  
We will give you free for the asking the various forms of will which will enable you to draw up your will without any further trouble.

**The Trusts and Guarantee Company, Limited.**  
Capital Subscribed, \$2,000,000.00  
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Office and Safe Deposit Vaults - 24 King Street West, Toronto.  
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"Silver Plate That Wears."  
**"1847 Roger Bros." Plated Cutlery**  
Varieties are good.  
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16 to 22 foot Launches always in stock.

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DALL, RECEPTION and ASSEMBLY ROOMS  
Afternoon Tea...

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## "Something New for Easter"

The lovely collection makes the choosing a delight—pretty conceits from Paris—splendid pattern hats from London—and the swiftest ever from New York—we extend the widest kind of a welcome to visit the show-rooms—if you want to buy—all right—if you don't want to buy—you're just as welcome—but see for yourself.

Prices—  
3.00 to 25.00

**J. W. T. FAIRWEATHER & CO.**  
24-26 YONGE ST.

# Sir Alexander Campbell Mackenzie, Mus. Doc., LL.D., F.R.A.M.

makes exclusive choice of a

## Heintzman & Co. Piano

in his Canadian tour.

These great musical festivals have been the event of the Canadian musical season, taking in the leading cities in Canada from Halifax to Vancouver. The work has been considered worthy of the hearty support of His Excellency the Governor-General, President of the Festival, and has received the enthusiastic indorsement of Canada's most cultured citizens.

Among the artists taking part in these events, besides the great leader himself, are: Madame Lillian Blouvelt, Ethel Wood, R. Watkin-Mills, Ben Davies, Wilfred Virgo and Reginald Davidson.

### R. Watkin-Mills has said of the Heintzman & Co. Piano:

"The tone is sonorous, the singing and sustaining quality just what we vocalists appreciate, and I feel that anyone who wants a first-class instrument cannot do better than secure a Heintzman & Co. piano."

### Ben Davies has said:

"Your Concert Grand Piano is an excellent instrument in every way, the tone being particularly adapted for concert work."

This great Cycle of Musical Festivals of the Dominion signals the rounding up of a remarkable musical season in Canada, in which the Heintzman & Co. piano has added still greater triumphs to the wonderful success achieved during a period of fifty years, and which becomes freshly accentuated each year.

Ye Olde Firme of

**HEINTZMAN & CO., 115-117 King Street West, Toronto.**

### Social and Personal.

Mrs. Frank Macdonald of "Canaan," Wellington Place, has gone for a sojourn of some time at the Welland. Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald have rented their house for the summer to Mr. Andrew Darling.

Mr. and Mrs. George Milligan left on Wednesday for an extended trip in the Eastern States. While in New York they will be guests at the Waldorf Astoria. They have given up their home in Sherbourne street, and on their return will reside at the King Edward.

Miss Frances Harte, who is a pupil of Mrs. Mildred Walker, sang Granier's "Hosanna" in St. Mary's church last Sunday evening. Her voice is a sweet and powerful soprano and gives evidence of careful training.

Mrs. J. Harrison Vernon of 27 Wilton Crescent will receive on Monday for the last time this season.

Their friends are congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Stapells on the birth of a little daughter.

Last Monday was the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. G. Whitney of Wellesley Crescent and many good wishes were sent them by their friends. Another golden wedding was celebrated a few days ago. These celebrations should give very bright and hopeful anticipations to some young folks who have yet to hold their first or "candy" celebration.

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Falconbridge to Mr. Vincent J. Hughes of Montreal has been arranged to take place on June 9th.

The final ball given by the Fortnightly Club in the Masonic Hall, Tuesday evening was a success in every respect. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags, palms, and bunting. Among those particularly noticed were Miss Florence McConnel, Toronto; Miss Bamfield, Niagara Falls; Miss Burnett, Miss Clara Henderson, Mitchell, and Miss Edith Begy, St. Catharines.

Herbert's tuneful and delightfully humorous opera, "The Serenade," has held the audiences at Shea's all the week. It is well worth going to see and hear, and very well pleased are all who have gone. Some of the solos are exceedingly well sung, but there isn't any great demand made by them. The monastery and convent scene, when the stage is divided by the partition wall between the gardens of the monks and the convent pupils, and there are high jinks going on on either side, is full of humorous stage work and facial expression. All the scenery is pretty and well painted, and the costumes are very fair. I have seen very far from as good presentations in high-priced play-houses here and elsewhere. "Rob Roy" is next week's offering.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fuller were in town last week en route from their home in Montreal to St. Catharines, where Mrs. Fuller will spend some time with her people.

Mrs. Osborne, of Clover Hill, returned home last week and was one of the most lovely guests at the Francis-Langmuir wedding on Tuesday, wearing a pink chiffon gown with lace, and large white hat.

The engagement of Miss Helen Armstrong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, and Mr. Harrison Jones, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Clark-Jones, is announced. "Les fiancés" are both in London just now, Mrs. and Miss Armstrong having spent the past year or so abroad.

She—Your dog was trying to bite me, sir! He (touching his hat)—Yes, madam; he has a sweet tooth.—Yonkers "Statesman."

## A CHANCE FOR CLEVER PEOPLE

It should be easy for people who drink delicious Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea to say something that will induce their friends to try it.

## \$545.00 in Cash Prizes

Twenty-five cash Prizes will be awarded in order of merit to those sending in the best advertisements for Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea.

First Prize	- - - -	\$200.00
Second Prize	- - - -	100.00
Third Prize	- - - -	40.00
4th to 13th Prizes, \$10.00 each	- - - -	100.00
14th to 25th, \$5.00 each	- - - -	60.00
		\$500.00

In addition, beginning with the week ending April 4, a special weekly prize of \$5.00 will be given to the one sending in the best advertisement during that week, making for the nine weeks \$45.00 in special prizes, or a grand total of thirty-four cash prizes, \$545.

### CONDITIONS

- 1st. No professional ad. writer, nor anyone connected directly or indirectly with the Blue Ribbon Tea Company may compete.
- 2nd. Advertisements must not contain more than 50 words, and shorter ones are preferable.
- 3rd. One of the cards used in packing Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea—there are two in each package—must be enclosed with each batch of advertisements sent.
- 4th. The competition closes June 1, 1903, and all competing advertisements must reach one of the following addresses on or before that date.

**Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Winnipeg, Man.  
Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Toronto, Ont.  
Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Vancouver, B.C.**

- 5th. No person shall be awarded more than one of the main prizes, but may also take one or more lesser prizes.
- 6th. In case of a tie, decision will be based on all the advertisements by the competitors in question.

Mr. H. M. E. Evans, of the Winnipeg Telegram, has kindly consented to the advertisements and award prizes.

All advertisements that fail to win a prize, but which are good enough to be accepted for publication will be paid for at the rate of \$1.00 each.

Unless expressly requested to the contrary, we will consider ourselves at liberty to publish the names of prize winners.

A good advertisement should be truthful and contain an idea brightly and forcibly expressed. A bona fide signed letter with address and date from one who has tested the tea, is a good form. An advertisement for an article of food should not associate with it, even by contrast, any unpleasant idea. The best advertisement is the one that will induce the most people to try the article advertised.

**Seek your Inspiration in a Cup of Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea and the Money is yours.**

### Book Strike Bulletins.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

Indianapolis, Ind., March 2.—(Special.)—Another conference between the book operators and the book miners was held to-day, but no settlement was arrived at, and there is talk of asking President Roosevelt, who is a book miner himself as a side line, to arbitrate the dispute before the present distressing conditions become unbearable. Already the famine in historical novels has reached the point where it is impossible to buy them in ton lots, and people are purchasing by the bushel basket. In some parts of the country consumers are reduced to the bituminous subscription books from the Conkeyville district.

I visited to-day the home of a typical book miner, Mr. Booth Tarkington. The poverty of the interior was pathetic. I suppose the entire furnishings of this humble home could not have cost more

than \$10,000. I found the miner in a small room on the second floor, miserably furnished. There was really nothing in it except a few Oriental rugs, some mahogany chairs and tables, a few oil paintings, and a lot of bric-a-brac. I noticed a motto in a gold frame:

"And so from hour to hour we write and write,  
And then from hour to hour write rot and rot;  
And thereby hangs a historical romance."

"This is the best I can offer you," he said, handing me a fat 25-cent cigar, which I regarded suspiciously. "Take a seat on that divan." I did so, and we fell to discussing the book-mining situation.

"The position of the anthracite book miners has been misstated," said Mr. Tarkington. "Our demands are for 15 per cent. of the gross selling price up to

## SHEA'S THEATER

WEEK Beginning Monday, April 20

Second Week of The Abner Productions in the Bostonians' Beautiful Romantic Opera

## "ROB ROY"

By Harry B. Smith & Reginald DeKoven.

First Time at Popular Prices With the Magnificent Scenery and Costumes Used by the Bostonians in the Original Production.

SECOND WEEK OF THE SPLENDID ARRAY OF FAVORITES

NEXT WEEK APRIL 27 Smith & DeKoven's Success "THE HIGHWAYMAN"

PRICES MATINEES... 25c. EVENINGS, 25 & 30c.

## Military Tournament

AND

## HORSE SHOW

TORONTO ARMOURIES FOUR DAYS Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat.—April 29, 30, May 1 and 2.

Entries for Military Tournament close April 29, with Captain Duncan Donald, Secretary, 126 Bay street, Toronto.

Entries for Horse Show close April 18, with Henry Wade, Secretary, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Boxes sold by auction Wednesday, April 22, at 3 p.m., at McConkey's.

Sale of seats begins at Nordheimer's Thursday, April 23.

Reduced railway rates, round trip at single fare, good going April 25, a fare and a third, good going April 30, May 1 and 2, all tickets good to return Monday, May 4.

For information apply to the Manager, Stewart Houston, 182 Victoria street.

UNITARIAN LITERATURE—By Rev. Stopford Brooke and Dr. Martineau of England; Edward Everett Hale, Robert Collyer, Minor J. Savage, and other eminent Unitarians of America, may be obtained free on application to the

Secretary, Post Office Mission, 536 Sherbourne St., Toronto.

50,000 tons, after which we demand 20 per cent. The operators wish to cut us to 10 and 15. We will not stand it. We will not mine another ton until our demands are acceded to. This is our final answer to the operators.

"How about the poetry miners? Will they unite with you, as threatened?"

"If a settlement is not effected within forty-eight hours, we are assured that the poetry miners will suspend work in a body."

Up to midnight the operators refused to give out a statement, but they are expected to yield.—Chicago "Tribune."

"I looked my safe the other day and couldn't remember the combination." "What did you do about it?" "Hinted to my wife that some letters from an old sweetheart of mine were inside. She got it open in ten minutes."—Indianapolis "Journal."

"John," gasped the suffering politician to the sympathizing friend who had called to comfort his hours of illness, "John, I feel that the final change is coming. I am about to join the great majority." "Great Scott, Bill!" ejaculated the friend; "do you mean to say you are going to flop again?"—Chicago "Tribune."

## Smart Tailor-Made Shirt Waists



Every Style and Finish  
ORDERED WORK ONLY.  
Miss Franklin has pleasure in announcing that she has enlarged the shirt waist department and secured the services of another Expert Cutter.  
These Shirt Waists are of the highest grade in cut and finish, and fashionable in design.  
**M. FRANKLIN**  
No. 11-12 RICHMOND STREET WEST, TORONTO.  
Tel.—Main 175.

## Misses Armstrong & Anderson

MILLINERY and DRESSMAKING

58 KING ST. WEST

North side, just west of The "Mail" Building.

## MRS. JOAN BISHOP

AND MISS ALEXANDER  
406 and 408 YONGE STREET

who have been in New York selecting their Spring Goods return to-day and are prepared to show all the latest styles and novelties for the coming season.

## COLES'

Caterers and Manufacturing Confectioners...

719 Yonge Street, Toronto

Telephone—North 204 and 206.

## INEXPENSIVE...GLASS TILES...

The most elegant and sanitary covering for walls of Kitchens and Bath-rooms known to this age. ESTIMATES FREE.

TORONTO PLATE GLASS IMPORTING CO  
HILL & RUTHERFORD  
Show-rooms—135 to 143 VICTORIA ST., TORONTO

## OSTEOPATHY

ROBERT B. HENDERSON, D.O.  
Osteopathic Physician.

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Osteopathy is a scientific method of treating all forms of disease. It is both BLOODLESS and DRUGLESS. Full information cheerfully given at the office, or literature sent on application.

All treatments given by appointment. Office hours 10—12 a.m., 1.30—3 p.m. Consultation free.

Office Phone—Main 344. Residence Phone—Main 248.

## ARTISTIC Billiard Tables

For Private Residence, Club or Cafe.

We design and build Art Billiard Tables to harmonize with interior work. We have photographs of some very rich tables recently installed in prominent homes. Phone for an engagement with our expert. Advice cheerfully given.

## Samuel May & Co.

116 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

## Lovers of the Antique

They find a feast of good things at B. M. & T. Jenkins. We have just the things in furniture that mark the difference between a commonly furnished and a cleverly furnished home.

Fine Old Colonial Furniture

Old China—Old Pewter—Old Copper

Curious Old Brass

Rare old Chippendale pieces, in chairs, tables, sideboards, settees, secretaries—in all, the most unusual and satisfying collection on the continent.

## B. M. & T. JENKINS

422-424 YONGE STREET

Phone—Main 1775. TORONTO, CAN.

BRANCHES—Montreal, London and Birmingham.

The Royal Crest Dressing is unequalled for furniture, pianos or woodwork of any kind. We recommend it.



## A New Bag and A New Leather



This bag is the newest design in a Deep Club Bag. The bag is made of three pieces of leather—all other bags are made of five. Another important improvement is the leather being turned over and sewn on the bottom.

The leather used is Black Chrome Tanned Calfskin in a natural grain, and is thoroughly waterproof.

No. 998—18 inches long, Price \$13.00

### Catalogue S

This shows how the bottom of the bag is sewn.

shows all the leading lines we make in Traveling and Leather Goods. We mail it free and pay express charges in Ontario.

**The JULIAN SALE**  
LEATHER GOODS CO., LIMITED  
105 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

Bews left on the evening train for Toronto and other places, before taking up residence in Revelstoke.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Goss, accompanied by their son and Miss Evelyn Booth, spent Easter week in New York. Miss Booth will also visit in Philadelphia and Washington before returning to Toronto.

Miss Ethel Doherty of Pembroke street has returned after a six weeks' visit to Buffalo and St. Catharines.

Major and Mrs. Currie of Howland avenue and Mrs. W. McKee of Dunn avenue spent the Easter holidays at Atlantic City and Washington.

Mrs. George Stewart and Mrs. Harry N. Biggs of 15 Pembroke street will not receive again till the fall.

Rev. Dr. Jones, Miss Strachan, Mrs. Ffolkes, Mrs. Jerrold Ball, Mr. Harold D. W. Ball, Mrs. Leonora James-Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Lyon, Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Mr. W. T. Boyd, Mr. G. A. Morrow, Mr. J. P. Langley, Mr. D. Grierson, Mr. A. D. Pringle, Miss M. A. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. D. Carlyle, Dr. D. E. Staunton Wishart, Miss Sullivan, Miss McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bond, Mr. Frank W. McLean, Mr. W. E. Lincoln Hunter, Miss A. Locke, Miss G. Stamens, Miss L. A. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Bain, Mr. Ffolkes, Dr. Jerrold Ball, Major Myles, Dr. Fenton of Toronto, Mr. W. J. McDonald and son, Mrs. A. M. Smart, Miss Katherine Smart of London, Mr. S. H. Millener of Williamstown, Mass., Mr. R. D. Farmer of Fergus, Miss E. F. Mackie, Miss E. L. Mackie, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Cassels, Dr. and Mrs. D. S. Hoig of Oshawa, Miss A. E. Blackwell, Mrs. Skae of Detroit, are among recently registered guests at the Welland Hotel, St. Catharines.

Mrs. Fred A. Kirby, formerly Miss Laura L. Day, will receive at her home, 49 Cowan avenue, on Wednesday, April 22, from four to six and eight to ten.

The State concert on Thursday occurred too late for a detailed account in this column, but among prominent persons present were Mr. and Mrs. William Mackenzie and the Misses Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Byron E. Walker, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Miss Barwick, Mrs. Kay, Hon. Richard and Mrs. Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Case, Miss Essey Case, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, the Misses Nordheimer, his Lordship the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweetman, Hon. Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Miss Melvin-Jones, Hon. Senator and Mrs. Kerr, Hon. Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss, Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mrs. Charles A. E. Harriess of Ottawa, Mrs. E. S. Shoenberger, Mrs. A. J. and Miss Gosling, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mr. J. W. and Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lorne Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Tait, Colonel and Mrs. G. A. Sweny. An added brilliancy was given to the audience by the appearance of all the officers attending the concert in full uniform.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Macbeth, of Osgoode Hall, spent Easter with friends in Hamilton.

Mrs. Jennings is to pay a visit to Miss Jennings this month before leaving for England.

I hear reports of a delightful "auto" party which will "bubble" as they say, through that lovely Niagara Peninsula as soon as the roads are dry and the orchards in blossom. It will be a trip full of pleasure and interest to some who haven't an idea of the beauty of a fruit farm in blossoming time.

Mr. and Mrs. Polson, of Pembroke street, spent Easter in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Patterson returned from New York at the week's end. Mrs. Patterson's handsome "peacock" design stencilled velvet curtains have become the property of a wealthy Montrealer, where her work seems to be greatly in demand by connoisseurs.

"Great anticipations," by this time fulfilled, were the rule for the Musical Festival closing this evening. A special lounge was built for Lord Minto's party, and the vice-regal party's visit, combined with the notable distinction of the conductor of the concert, was sufficient to attract many who were not even musically inclined.

Mr. Marsland came down from Morrisburg for the Easter holidays. Mrs. Rankin Campbell is the guest of Mrs. McArthur in St. George street.

Mrs. J. Grayson Smith was the hostess of the Seven-Hand Euchre Club on Thursday.

#### Next Week's Bill at Shea's.

The entire cast of favorites in the Aborn Opera Company playing at Shea's this week will be retained for one more week, to play in the beautiful romantic opera, "Rob Roy," before going to Cleveland, where they open by the same cast with the same operas they play here—"The Serenade" and "Rob Roy." Another cast will fill their places at Shea's week after next, and other artists will come and go in the same manner during the entire season of the Aborns in Toronto, just as they are doing in other cities on their circuit. By this plan they give their patrons a new set of principals for each opera presented, each set carefully selected with a view to their special fitness for the parts they play.

The offering next week—"Rob Roy"—has already been played by the same cast in Philadelphia, where the critics gave it unanimous praise, and the public voiced their approval by crowded attendance. "Rob Roy" like "The Serenade," has been one of the most successful pieces in the repertoire of the Bostonians, from whom the Aborns have purchased the entire outfit of magnificent scenery and costumes used in the original production, and the opera will be presented next week on the same elaborate scale which characterizes this week's presentation of "The Serenade." "Rob Roy" relates the story of Bonnie Prince Charlie and his followers, and while mak-



Knabe,  
Gerhard-  
Heintzman,  
Mendelssohn,  
Dominion,

and many other excellent pianos for your selection.

Speaking of new pianos, what better selection could you wish for than the above list?

## Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

Hamilton Warerooms: 66 King Street West.

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## SIMMERS' Special Offer of PURE, TRUE and PROFITABLE SEEDS

### Simmers' "Toronto Parks" Lawn Grass Seed

Is the Best for our Canadian Climate. With it you can make LAWNS, GRASS PLOTS, CRICKET GROUNDS, GOLF LINKS, TENNIS COURTS, ETC. As soft as velvet and as green as emerald all summer long. Price 25c. per pound, post-paid 30c. per pound.

Simmers' "Toronto Parks" Grass Seed will form a close, thick turf in a few weeks' time, with no tendency to stool or grow in clumps. It roots deeply and with-stands severe droughts without turning brown, maintaining its beautiful deep green color throughout the season. We have made the formation of permanent lawns a study for years, and the finest lawns in this country to-day were obtained by using our "Toronto Parks" Lawn Grass Seed, which is composed of various grasses that grow and flourish during different months of the year, so that a rich, deep green velvety lawn is constantly maintained, rivaling the famous lawns of Old England.

TORONTO PARKS MIXTURE, finest quality (with or without White Clover)—Per lb. 25c., post-paid 30c.; 5 lbs. \$1.15; 10 lbs. \$2.20; 25 lbs. \$5.25; 50 lbs. \$10.00; 100 lbs. \$20.00 (carriage extra).

White Dutch Clover, for mixing with Lawn Grass Seed—per lb. 30c.; post-paid, 35c.

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### Ideal Pianist

It brings into the home the whole world of music, interpreted with a skill which rivals the greatest masters of the piano.

Its power of expression is human, and its technique and phrasing perfect.

The Chase & Baker Piano-Player demands no knowledge of music whatever, and anyone can play any composition—from classic to ragtime—equally as well as the most accomplished pianist.

Anyone interested in music will be cordially welcomed at any time during business hours at our warerooms, 15 King St. East, to hear and try one of these wonderful instruments.

**NORDHEIMER**  
PIANO & MUSIC CO., Limited

#### Social and Personal.

Mrs. I. Wilson, Huron street, has returned after a brief visit with her son, Dr. T. Herbert Wilson, of Buffalo, N.Y.

Mrs. J. M. Henderson of 298 Avenue road, having sold her home to Mrs. Harry Livingston, will not receive again this year.

Miss Pearson of Rosedale will sail from New York for Germany to-day on the "Pennsylvania" and will spend the summer in Europe.

Among the Easter visitors in town are the Misses Watterworth of Ridgeway and Miss Miller of Orillia, guests of Mrs. W. Carriell-Hall, 94 Maitland street.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Thomson of 111 Close avenue, Parkdale, celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their marriage on Friday, April 10. The tables were very artistically laid for fifty guests, the decorations being tulips and Easter lilies. An orchestra played during the evening. After a very bountiful supper the usual speeches were made and responded to, after which the tables were cleared and dancing was enjoyed for a time. Quite a large party came down from Hamilton and returned by the late train. Among the out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. James Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Hobson, Dr. and Mrs. Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Peebles, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Peebles, Mrs. M. Peebles, Mr. and Mrs. Leckenby, the Misses Leckenby, Miss Whittie Wright, Mr. Arch Cochran, Miss Bessie Peebles of Hamilton, Miss Susie White of Callender, Dr. and Mrs. Carruthers of North Bay, Mr. Arch Little of Guelph, Mr. W. H. Bennett, M. P. of Ottawa, Rev. James and Mrs. Murray, Rev. A. Logan and Mrs. Geggie, Mr. and Mrs. Rawlinson, Miss Rawlinson, Mr. Arthur Rawlinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Walton, Mr. and Mrs. G. Sauer, Mr. and Mrs. Kipp, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Humphrey, Mr. Edwin Baker, Mr. Harry Falconer, Mr. Emmult Scarlett, Mr. John R. McDonald. Mr. and Mrs. Thomson received a great number of very beautiful pieces of china.

Mrs. G. Gordon-Mills will not receive again this season.

Mrs. Ed R. Alison and Miss Kinnear, 32 Ross street, will not receive again this season.

Mrs. W. O. N. Parker will receive in her new home, 572 Jarvis street, on Monday, April 20, and after that on the first and third Mondays of every month.

The Misses Irwin of Bellevue avenue entertained charmingly last evening at progressive "flinch," followed by a musicale. The assisting artists were Miss M. Beatrice Scott, A.T.C.M.; Miss Hortense Madill, Mr. G. Chrystal Brown and Mr. Norman J. Willson.

The marriage of Miss Lena Gertrude Fee, daughter of Mr. B. Fee, and Mr. Walter Bews of Revelstoke, B.C., son of the late William Bews of Milton, took place at the family residence on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock. The bride was beautifully gowned in white mouseline de soie, carried a shower bouquet of white roses, and wore the gift of the groom, a handsome gold watch and chain. The bride was given away by her father, and was attended by her cousin, Miss Lindsay. The groomsmen were Mr. J. E. Robson of Toronto. Rev. Mr. Hill of Toronto performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Strike, in the presence of about fifty guests. Mr. and Mrs.

ing romance out of history, has more merit as a literary work than the average comic opera book. The music by De Koven is in that popular composer's best vein, and is replete with jingling airs, charming melody and grand ensembles. It is purely a "romantic opera," laid in picturesque surroundings, with ample opportunity for scenic display and beautiful color effects in Scotch and English costumes. Hattie Belle Ladd will be seen next week as the fascinating Flora MacDonald, Joseph Smith as "Bonnie Prince Charlie," J. K. Murray as the heroic Rob Roy MacGregor, John Duns-mure as Lochiel, Eleanor Giusti as Janet, and Phil. Branson, Frank Wooley and Charles P. Swickard will assume the comedy roles, while the part of Captain Sheridan will be played by a newcomer, Miss May Lutz. The matinee next week will be on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

## To Let

An office in the "Saturday Night" Building, Ground Floor in good location. Terms moderate. Apply on premises: 26-28 Adelaide West.

#### BONDS for the TRUSTED

Fidelity bonds for all persons in positions of trust. We issue them for officers and employees of all concerns—banks, telephones, telegraph and secret societies of all descriptions. Write for particulars.

The London Guarantee and Accident Co. LIMITED  
D. W. Alexander, General Manager for Canada.  
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#### DR. C. J. RODGERS DENTIST

Has removed to CARLTON CHAMBERS,  
No. 1 CARLTON STREET.

#### The "RIGGS" Dental Offices

TEMPLE BUILDING,  
Bay Street.  
Specialists in High Class Dentistry.

#### St. James Square Presbyterian Church (Gerrard St., opposite Normal School.)

#### STAINER'S

#### Crucifixion

Will be sung by the Choir  
THURSDAY, APRIL 23rd, at 4 o'clock.  
Rev. Alexander MacMillan will preside.  
Choir Soloists—Mrs. R. L. Johnston, Miss Florence Fisher, Dr. Malcolm, W. Sparrow, Mr. Charles E. Clark. Organist-Director, T. Alexander Davies, M.B.  
Collection at the door.

#### Painting

I do any kind of painting that can be done in the very best way and at the lowest prices consistent with honest work. Graining and decorating, too. The latter is my specialty, and if you will entrust your next order to me I will give you satisfaction.

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#### Births.

Stapells—April 7th, at Toronto, Mrs. Richard A. Stapells, a daughter.  
Peckham—April 13, Toronto, Mrs. A. S. Peckham, a son.  
Stanbury—April 11, Exeter, Ont., Mrs. J. G. Stanbury, a daughter.  
Houston—April 10, Toronto, Mrs. Stewart Houston, a daughter.  
Gilmour—April 11, Hamilton, Mrs. W. A. Gilmour, a son.  
Luke—April 9, Toronto, Mrs. F. E. Luke, a son.  
Moore—April 8, Lorne Park, Mrs. W. A. Hudson—April 12, Toronto, Mrs. H. H. Hudson, a daughter.  
Owen—April 13, Toronto, Mrs. Ernest H. Owen, a son.  
Wilson—April 12, Toronto, Mrs. George Wilson, a son.  
Clark—April 12, Toronto, Mrs. John A. Clark, a daughter.  
Tisdale—April 8, Simcoe, Mrs. W. E. Tisdale, a daughter.

#### Deaths.

Hogg—April 15, Hamilton, James W. Hogg, aged 46 years.  
Shaw-Wood—April 10, "Woodholm," London Township, Richard Shaw-Wood, aged 78 years.  
Ellis—April 12, Mount Pleasant, John R. Ellis, aged 91 years.  
McKnight—April 12, Moore Park, Andrew McKnight.  
Stone—April 12, Toronto, Maudie Stone, aged 18 years.  
Christie—April 13, Mimico, Mrs. Mary A. Christie.  
Cross—April 11, Union Lake, Fanny Cross.  
Lambick—April 13, Toronto, Thomas Lambick, aged 52 years.  
Clint—April 11, Toronto, Mrs. Mary Sturdy Clint.

of Milton, to Lena Gertrude Fee, of Lindsay, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. William B. Fee, by the Rev. Mr. Hill, of Toronto, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Strike.  
Thompson—Temple—April 14, Toronto, Joseph Anthony Thompson to Maud Eleanor Temple.  
White—Woods—April 13, Toronto, Charles Dickinson to Elizabeth Oram Woods.  
Francis—Langmuir—April 14, Toronto, Gwyn Llewellyn Francis to Violet Langmuir.  
Tremayne—Fletcher—April 14, Barrie, Dr. Ernest Tremayne to Annie Evelyn Fletcher.  
Sinclair—Jewett—Toronto, Rev. W. A. Sinclair to Edna F. Jewett.  
Alexander—Rowand—April 15, Toronto, Dr. W. Alexander to Flora Jessie Rowand.  
Robinson—Safford—April 14, Toronto, Louis Albert Safford to Fanny Preston Robinson.

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